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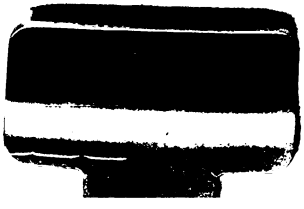

The Truth About Henry Ford

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The Truth About Henry Ford

By

Sarah Terrill Bushnell

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The Truth About Henry Ford

WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY

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Affectionately dedicated to
my Father

Dr. John E. Bushnell

whose unselfish life and high
ideals have been an inspiration

S. T. B.

WHY IT IS "THE TRUTH"

In publishing this biographical sketch, I wish to acknowledge my gratitude for the co-operation of Mrs. Henry Ford and of prominent Detroiters who were associated with Mr. Ford in his early days — among them being James Couzens, A. Y. Malcomson, Horace Rackham, E. G. Pipp, C. A. Brownell and others.

From Mrs. Henry Ford, I secured most of the data. She personally helped me to secure accurate and authentic information. For months she gave me liberally of her time in order that I might compile this volume and verify my facts. This assistance entailed a sacrifice, for she shuns publicity, heartily dislikes any attempt to

draw her into the limelight and objec
to having her name appear in prin

Mr. Malcomson's financial suppor
made Mr. Ford's success possible
Had there been no Alexander Mal
comson and no James Couzens, the
inventive genius of Henry Ford prob-
ably never would have reached the
heights it has. From Mr. Couzens, I
secured the figures of the stock sub-
scribed by the first Ford stockholders.
Mr. Pipp, widely known as the former
editor of the Detroit News, was most
kind and generous in assisting me on
certain difficult and important points.
I am indebted to Mr. Brownell for
his friendly help and interest. He was
for many years an executive officer of
the Ford Company.

In this little book I have tried to
include only points which are fre-
quently discussed and to use carefully
only the information which I secured
directly from those who have been

closest to Mr. Ford for the past twenty years. To all who assisted me, I am sincerely grateful and I take this method of acknowledging my appreciation.

THE AUTHOR.

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The Truth About Henry Ford

CHAPTER I.

His Childhood and School Days

Henry Ford belongs to that stern, strong, creative generation of Americans that has served our country so well in the critical days of its national development. He has the simple faith, the sturdy life, the unflagging industry, the love of family that typify the best Americans. This brief chronicle of some of the vital periods of his life will give his fellow countrymen a clearer understanding of the character and purposes of the man.

* * * *

Two years after Michigan be-

came a state the first link in
railroad connecting Detroit
Chicago was built to Dearb
ville, then a small village ten m
from Detroit. In those early d
the settlers drove to "town"
ox carts over corduroy roads t
they themselves had built with l
from the surrounding forests. T
coming of the first train was, the
fore, a great day in Dearbornvil
The pioneers gathered in the sha
of the stockade walls of the arsen
and debated the new inventio
There were many pessimists amo
them who were sure that the cru
locomotive of that time wou
never be of practical value. W
liam Cremer had wagered that h
white faced sorrel mare could ou
run the iron horse in a race fr
Ten Eyck's tavern to the villag
and it did, William reining in h

horse at the arsenal before the train came in.

In the group that witnessed this triumph of the horse and the subsequent arrival of the train was a young lad, William Ford, who lived between Dearbornville and Fort Wayne — a post where U. S. Grant was stationed a few years later as a lieutenant. William Ford had recently come over from Ireland. The twinkle in his blue eyes, the glow in his cheek and his ready wit told that, but his speech and his manners spoke of his English ancestry. He had cleared and put under cultivation the land where he lived, and some years later married Mary Litogot, the daughter of his nearest neighbor. In the five years that followed five children came to bless their home.

On July 30 in the third year of the Civil War, Henry Ford was born and was named after his uncle who owned an adjoining farm. The war and the still wonderful iron horse were general topics of conversation in the days of Henry Ford's childhood. He heard the grim tragedies of the conflict retold; he knew many of the soldiers at the arsenal and he often saw bluecoated army officers splashing along the road to Detroit. As he grew older he accompanied his parents when they drove to the small Episcopal church in Dearborn where William Ford was a vestryman and where the services were conducted by the army chaplain from Fort Wayne. Thus war had its part in his boyhood as in the later days of his life.

The five Ford children attended

the old Scotch settlement school when very small, and when Dearborn and Springwells townships were laid out they went to the Springwells school. Every day that weather permitted, the five children walked the two and a half miles to the Springwells school where they were taught reading, writing, spelling, geography and arithmetic. No attention was paid to history even though it was then in the making. The schoolmaster was Mr. Brush whose son Alonzo Brush, a playmate of the Ford children, was years later the inventor of the Brush automobile. Henry Ford's deskmate was Edsel Ruddiman, who for twenty-five years has been Dean of Chemistry at Vanderbilt University and after whom Henry Ford's only son is named. James Ruddiman, Edsel's

brother, later married Mr. Ford's sister.

One of the earliest childhood recollections of Henry Ford is his longing to see the iron horse that he could hear a mile away beyond the woods. A frail child, he had been forbidden to venture away from his home alone, so he would climb to a fence top when he heard the distant whistle and try to make out the strange machine as it toiled over the grades. His childish imagination could not believe that the ugly, silent monster of iron that he saw when occasionally he went to the village with his parents could be the fiery thing that whooped through the woods like an Indian — and in those days it was said that Chief Pontiac still roamed the forests of the region.

Henry Ford showed early in life

that interest in machinery that shaped his later career. The story runs — and although it is fiction it may be repeated here — that when six years old Henry eluded his father and mother one Sunday morning as they were entering church, and was found later trying to put together a playmate's watch which he had taken apart. At 14 the lad was confirmed in the village church by the bishop and to this day he frequently attends service there.

There are many authentic stories of his boyhood interest in mechanics. About the time he was ten or twelve years old he developed a great interest in the steaming teakettle that sang and jiggled on the kitchen stove. While the other children romped outdoors Henry kept close to the hot wood stove, watching with the round eyes of child-

hood as the steam lifted the kettle top and rattled the lids of the vegetable saucepans. In the dining room of the Ford home was an old fashioned fire place. One day Henry secured a thick earthenware teapot which he filled with water; then he stuffed the spout with paper and tied down the lid.

"Now let's see if you can lift that lid, old Mr. Steam," he said as he thrust the teapot close to the fire. Then he sat down to see what Mr. Steam could do. An explosion, followed by a child's cry of pain, soon brought Mrs. Ford running from the kitchen. Scattered about the room were the fragments of the teapot. One piece had shattered a window pane, another had broken a mirror, while a third had cut a gash in Henry Ford's head. His face, too, was badly scalded. To

this day a faint scar remains to show what Mr. Steam did.

Mary Ford possessed that quick understanding sympathy of the true mother. "My dear child," she said after the wound had been attended to, "I am afraid you are going to hurt yourself many times if you try to imprison steam or make other experiments."

After the children had been put to bed that night she told her husband of the incident. "Henry is eaten up with curiosity," she declared. "He asks questions I could not answer in a thousand years. I am afraid he is different from the other boys; they are satisfied with explanations, but Henry has to investigate everything for himself. I wish you would watch him closely when he gets near machinery. I am worried about him whenever he

goes to the barn, for he doesn't know the meaning of fear."

Some time later his parents noticed that Henry was not returning from school until twilight. Inquiry brought out the following explanation: Near the school was a creek bordered by twisted weeping willows, whose cool shade afforded a delightful place for boys to lounge and plan the great things of boyhood. While the other pupils spent their noon hour in games, Henry Ford and his group of chums busied themselves in building a dam across the creek with stones and other materials gathered from the nearby fields. When the dam was done they fashioned a rude water wheel that revolved with gratifying rapidity. But the dam caused the waters of the creek to back up and this brought protests from the

farmers. Schoolmaster Brush ordered the youthful engineers to tear out the dam. "When this is done," he concluded, "Henry, who is your ring-leader, can remain with me after school each day until I tire of his company." And that was why Henry returned home each evening at twilight.

Today Mr. Ford counts among his most treasured possessions a picture of the old creek showing the dam and the water wheel and a group of his long ago companions sitting in the shade of the willows. Mr. Ford's keen interest in water power still persists. He has traveled through Michigan and other states buying water rights and sites for dams, and is formulating plans for locating small industries in country districts where water power can be developed.

At one time John Haggerty was Henry Ford's desk mate at the Springwells school. One afternoon the two boys, hidden behind their open geographies, were busy dissecting a watch. At the most interesting point in their investigation the sheltering geographies fell with a bang and their occupation was revealed. Mr. Brush surveyed them sadly. "Now, John," he said at length, "I will trouble you and Henry to bring me that watch. You are sent here to get book learning. The idea of big boys like you, almost 16 years old, playing like children. You can stay after school and try to put the insides of that watch back like they were before you began to meddle with it. You might as well learn right now that it is wrong to start anything and leave it unfinished."

When Henry was 14 his mother died and the little family was overwhelmed with grief. With the fine courage of the early settlers Margaret Ford, the oldest daughter, took up the labors and responsibilities of the household, and the father did all he could to fill the mother's place, but the family life was sadly changed. Mary Ford was a remarkable woman; she taught all her children that to be useful to their country and community was the best of all ambitions, and she imbued them with noble principles and ideals. At 18 or 19, when she married William Ford, she was a rosy-cheeked, dark-haired, beautiful girl, calm, well poised and courageous. In those years a mother's tasks were many and heavy, especially in the country districts. Mrs. Ford met each day's problems

with a cheerfulness that made her seem wonderful in the eyes of her son, Henry. She taught him that he must not drink, smoke or gamble, and to these teachings he has remained steadfast all his life. She impressed upon him that he must be true to conscience and duty, and she taught him that courage which bore fruit in after years.

At 17 Henry Ford finished the eighth grade at the Springwells school and a year later he set out for the city, Detroit.

CHAPTER II.

The City Beckons

Like most active country boys Henry Ford had made for himself a tool shop, where he spent many busy, happy hours on the farm. So adept did he become that as he grew older he became the general handy man for the neighboring farmers. He fixed many broken farm implements and before he was 18 he was in charge of his father's saw mill. But the city called him and he went.

Alone and unknown, he secured a job with the Flower Manufacturing company, engaged in the making of steam engines and employing more than a hundred men. The company was at that time one

of Detroit's largest manufacturing concerns. His apprenticeship there was practically a course in mechanical engineering, and he was paid $2.50 a week. This was less than William Ford paid his hands on the farm and did not cover the cost of Henry's room and board in the city. But the place had this compensation: It brought him opportunities that were out of reach on the farm. He could spend his idle hours in the city library among the companions he valued most of all — the books and journals on mechanical engineering. To supplement his "salary" he made arrangements with a jeweler whereby he could repair watches. That was one of the red-letter days of his youth, rivaling that other when he was allowed to mend a neighbor's sewing machine.

He worked hard and long, his two occupations keeping him busy from seven in the morning until six at night and from seven until bedtime. For nine months he was thus employed, steam engines and watches filling his waking hours and quickening the many ideas that filled his mind, awake and asleep.

Someone has said that "invention travels in thought waves. It is possible for two or more inventors, hundreds of miles apart, to be working on the same problem without any knowledge that someone else is engaged on the same project." It was about this time that the restless desire began to formulate itself in Henry Ford's brain to build a vehicle that would compete with the iron horse of childhood memory.

After seven months in the em-

ploy of the Flower Manufacturing company young Ford went to work for the Drydocks Engine company, whose specialty was marine machinery. He was doing well, and opportunity for advancement was just ahead when one day came word from his father urging him to return to the farm. William Ford said that his health was poor, that he was growing old, the farm hands were becoming careless and indifferent and beyond his ability to manage. He needed his boy, he said, to care for the home place. It was a blow to the young man in Detroit, but his mother's teachings made his decision certain. Putting aside ambition, he answered the call of filial duty and gave up his place in the city to return to the farm where he was needed. This summons, as will be seen later on,

was the turning point in his life.

Brief mention will not be out of place here of the other sons of William Ford. When Henry went to Detroit, John Ford remained on the farm. Some time later he became a member of the Springwells school board, a position he retains to this day. William Ford, another brother, became in later years Mayor of Dearborn and member of the Dearborn school board.

Today two miles from the old Ford homestead can be seen the tall smokestacks of the great River Rouge foundry. This gigantic plant, owned by Henry Ford, was used during the world war as a naval station, and also in the making of the Eagle boats and submarine chasers. These boats were launched directly into the River Rouge and made the long voyage

through the Detroit river, Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, through the Welland canal and down the St. Lawrence river to the sea — and service. But that is getting ahead of the story.

CHAPTER III.

His Courtship and Marriage

Up to this time Henry Ford had rough-hewn his life; now Destiny stepped in and began to shape his career. He spent the spring, summer and autumn following his return in plowing, planting and harvesting on his father's farm. But Fate was preparing a reward for his self-sacrifice and entrusting the details to Romance. Henry soon again became a favorite in the countryside, his city-learned ways adding to his popularity. When winter came he showed that he was still the best skater in the neighborhood. "In those days," as an old-timer has said, "no one went to Florida or California in winter.

Instead they stayed at home and enjoyed the best sports of the year."

Henry bought a bright red cutter. As it sped over the smooth roads with many bells a-jingle, it was generally admitted that he was the best "catch" of the neighborhood. But that opinion was not unanimous; five miles away, in Greenfield township, lived Clara Bryant, local belle and beauty, with beaux a-plenty. She cared not a snap of her pretty fingers for Henry Ford, his city ways and his new cutter — and she made no secret of her opinion.

Naturally such indifference challenged young Ford's attention and quickened his interest. He forgot Detroit and mechanics and set about accomplishing a bigger undertaking. His red cutter was an

asset of, which he made effective use; good-naturedly he carried many a laughing crowd to and from the skating parties. At the Greenfield club one evening he quietly produced a curious watch, the like of which the countryside had never seen. It had two sets of hands and recorded both standard and sun time. As he displayed this wonder he dropped vague hints of other and greater inventions.

"Mother," said Clara Bryant the morning after the Greenfield club party, "Henry Ford is different form the rest of our crowd. He can invent the most interesting things. He is the best skater and he dances as well as he skates. We sat out two dances last night because I wanted to see a watch he had made. It is the queerest watch you ever saw. He says he is going

to make something else and let me see it."

Mrs. Bryant, wise mother that she was, said nothing. She was acquainted with her daughter's sudden enthusiasms.

During that winter Henry Ford invented his first tractor, although it did not bear that modern name. It was a machine to use in plowing and harvest time, and it was fashioned out of an old wagon body, some wagon tires, harrow teeth and other pieces of discarded farm machinery. As he toiled over his new machine the young inventor did not dream that in later years his name would be known 'round the world wherever ground is broken and harvests gathered. About this time he took a course in Goldsmith's college in Detroit, but study and invention did not crowd one

other plan out of his active mind.

"Father," he asked when he was twenty-four years old, "if I should marry what part of the land would be mine?"

"I'll do for you just as I intended to do for John and William," his father replied. "You can have enough timber to build a house and can have eighty acres facing Recknor road. When I'm gone there will be forty acres more for each of you children."

The son went about his courtship with the determination and enthusiasm that marked his undertakings in mechanics. Likewise he set about the building of a home for his future bride. Such methods could not fail and Henry Ford and Clara Bryant were married one April day in 1888. Their new home, a modern structure with

broad verandas, was ready for them. It stood in the midst of rolling farm land, with its red dairy and barns grouped at the rear. For three years the young couple dwelt there in happiness. The husband was busy with his farm work, but the hum of machinery still was music to his ears. In this time he built three saw mills and often he was to be seen sitting in the shade of a spreading oak figuring with pencil and paper; often, too, he was busy in his tool house with odds and ends of machinery.

One evening came the revealing of his great resolve. "Clara," he said, "it looks as if I could not stand the farm any longer. I'll have to go back to Detroit and begin work on my horseless carriage. I can't do much on it here."

His young wife was aghast. Her

glance took in the many comforts of their home, the opened piano with its sheets of music, the cheerful fire on the hearth, the large carved armchair that her mother had brought from Warwick, England, the old-fashioned English clock that William Ford had given them as a wedding present. She loved that cozy home, and she never had heard of a horseless carriage. Was her husband losing his mind?

"Why, Henry," she exclaimed, "you are the best farmer around here. Your engine is a wonder — and whoever heard of a horseless carriage!"

"Bring me a pencil and a large piece of paper and I will show you what it is," her husband replied.

From the piano where she had been playing she took a piece of

music. On the wide, white back of the sheet Henry Ford drew with quick, sure strokes, until to his wife leaning over his shoulder the strange vehicle took form and semblance. He explained each part as he drew it, his eyes sparkling, his hand trembling with his enthusiasm. As he pictured the vehicle to her it did not seem improbable. He spoke of the motive power of steam cars, steamboats and fire engines; he talked confidently of resilience and gasoline. It was midnight before he finished and then his wife had caught his enthusiasm.

"If you want to go back to Detroit we'll manage it somehow," she promised him.

Soon they were house hunting in town and found on Bagley street, then in a residential district but now a business thoroughfare, the

home they wanted. It was a small building with a large red, brick barn which would serve as a workshop. They soon moved to the city and Mr. Ford, then twenty-eight years old, went to work for the Edison company. He had, in addition, an income from his farm and three saw mills and was not a poor man. However, he had to make the most of time, money, material and effort. Mrs. Ford was sympathetic and optimistic and she was a great help to him in those days when his home surroundings were such a factor in keeping his hopes high and his determination unshaken. It was by good management and hard work that he rubbed Aladdin's Lamp and became one of the world's richest and most famous men.

CHAPTER IV.

The First Car and the First Race

For two years that horseless carriage "ate its head off." Always it consumed money, money, more money. Bicycle wheels were bought for it, but all other parts had to be made to order and by hand. And often these parts would not fit and had to be made over. But Henry Ford never grew discouraged, never lost confidence in the ultimate success of his invention. And then — at 2 o'clock on a rainy morning in April, 1893, the task was done and the vehicle ready for a test. Despite the darkness and downpour Mr. Ford would not delay. With no idea of what that strange machine might do, Mrs. Ford

Mr. and Mrs. Ford in his first car, which he sold but afterwards bought back. It is now his most prized possession. Notice the old-fashioned bicycle wheels, and the bell on dash.

caught up an umbrella and followed her husband to the street.

As he clanked away all sorts of fears assailed her. If the machine did not kill him he probably would die of pneumonia. The noise of the vehicle would awaken the neighbors. She wished for the moment that she had not encouraged him in his work. As her mind recalled the days and months of study and labor, a loud noise heralded her husband's safe return. The horseless carriage would go! Flushed with pride and excitement, the inventor pushed the strange little machine into the barn, locked the doors and went into the house. He drank a glass of hot milk, spread his dripping clothes before the fire and went calmly to bed to enjoy the best rest he had known since their return to the city.

In the days and weeks that followed friends and neighbors flocked to see the new vehicle. Mr. and Mrs. Ford created a sensation every time they rode through the streets; in the country horses dashed into ditches or fences when the horseless carriage approached. Country people regarded them much as they did a circus. Every time the vehicle was dragged from the barn Mrs. Ford made some excuse for accompanying her husband on his ride. She was optimistic by nature, but she felt that sooner or later some accident would occur — and she wanted to be with him then. He was anxious to test the machine's hill-climbing powers. The neighborhood was largely flat and the one hill in Wayne street was too near the river to make a test prudent. So Mr. and Mrs. Ford drove

ten miles around the boulevard to the graded approach to the viaduct. Mrs. Ford said nothing of her fears but waited. The little car did not tip over or roll backward down the grade, but slowly, inch by inch, it gained the top.

Those were the days when everyone rode a bicycle and Woodward avenue was thronged with men and women on their wheels. One day as Mr. and Mrs. Ford were making their slow progress along the boulevard a bicyclist — a " scorcher " — approached their car. So astonished was he at sight of the strange contrivance that he fell under the Ford car. The two occupants were terrified. Mr. Ford urged the fallen cyclist to lie still; then he and his wife hastily got out. A wondering crowd gathered. There was but one thing to do and that must be done

quickly. Carefully Mr. Ford lifted the car off the fallen rider, who scrambled to his feet unhurt, while the crowd roared with laughter. As Mr. Ford wiped the perspiration from his forehead he remarked, "That was a close call for us."

Later came another unpleasant adventure. The proudest possession of a wealthy resident of Boston boulevard was a pair of fine driving horses. The first time those horses saw the new car they snorted, reared and bolted. Their owner's wrath was almost beyond words as he threatened to have Mr. Ford arrested for causing the runaway. Years after this same Detroiter told of the incident with much amusement. He had called Mr. Ford "a public nuisance" for driving an automobile in the street.

Long afterward Mr. Ford saw in

a French magazine a picture of a car which a Frenchman had invented and which was called an "automobile." This was the first time he ever heard the word that everyone knows today.

* * * *

Before long others than Mr. Ford were convinced that the horseless vehicle was a practical commercial proposition, and a company was organized in Detroit with Mr. Ford as the chief engineer. But at the end of the year little progress had been made in perfecting the machine and it was decided to let Mr. Ford go and employ another draftsman. This company later became the Cadillac Motor Company. Mr. Ford's car was returned to him and the inventor organized a company of his own. This sec-

ond venture likewise proved a failure, but reverses served to strengthen Mr. Ford's confidence in the future of his invention.

He decided to perfect a racing car, sold his original machine and devoted all his energies to devising a car that would establish a speed record. Rumors of his new plans spread and many Detroiters visited the Ford shop to inspect the new marvel — that was to be. Tom Cooper, the champion bicycle rider, visited Detroit and offered his cooperation and financial assistance. Cooper later was killed in an automobile accident in Central Park, New York. An interesting story of this period has to do with one "Coffee Jim" and his financing of the first Ford racer. The story, sad to relate, is unfounded; a man who operated a night lunch car in De-

troit took a great interest in Mr. Ford's work, but advanced him no money. The financing of the racer, which was called 999, came from the farms in Springwells and Dearborn township.

Mrs. Ford has vivid recollections of that period. "Expenses were so great that I thought we never again would have any money for ourselves," she said.

Work on the car went steadily on, for a race had been arranged and Mr. Ford was eager to win it. To test the carburetors a steep grade was necessary and the steepest the inventor could find was in the cemetery. Here the final tests were made and the car was finished on the day set for the race, which was held on the Grosse Pointe race track, ten miles away. For days Alexander Winton had been on the

ground with his car tuning it up for the great event. No other cars were entered, but a hilarious crowd was present to see the strange contest. The Winton car was finely finished and the low-slung, strange looking 999 seemed outclassed. But the race is not always to the beautiful, and 999 won.

In 1902 Mr. Ford began experimenting with a two-cylinder car. The work was carried on in a small wooden shop on Park avenue and Grand River, back of the Parker and Webb building. The messenger and handy man about the place was John Wandersee; Gus Degner was the mechanic, and C. H. Wills was draftsman and "boss" of the "force." The wages paid averaged twenty-two cents an hour. Mr. Ford gave up his position as coal buyer for the Edison company and

devoted all his time to the new car. One of his friends was Alexander G. Malcomson, a prominent Detroit coal man. Mr. Malcomson was greatly interested in Mr. Ford's project and often visited the shop. Sometimes he was accompanied by his bookkeeper, James Couzens, in whose judgment he had great confidence.

One day Mr. Malcomson remarked to Mr. Ford, "Henry, my boy, you are working mighty hard, but you are not getting ahead fast enough. What you need is a barrel of money."

Henry Ford's gray eyes twinkled. "I reckon I'll have to make haste slowly," he replied. "I've tried two companies already and it looks like I am too adventuresome. I'd better stick to the slow pace I am following now. If we could build

a lot of machines and make them cheap enough all of us working in this little shop would be rich."

"You've got grit and it takes grit to put over a new idea," declared Malcomson. "I've had my eyes open and before you know it Haynes, Duryea and Winton will be so far ahead that you'll never catch up. It looks like we'll be obliged to organize a company — a big company. We ought to get together a hundred thousand dollars; that would be enough to start the wheels going. I would be willing to put up about twenty thousand in cash. You can put in old 999," and he pointed to a corner where the machine stood. "You've used up a deal of money in your experiments — I expect you have spent all of seven thousand, and your time has been worth a lot. Suppose

we start in as equal partners; I'll furnish the money and you the hard work — and genius."

Henry Ford, a joker himself, feared his friend was jesting. "And then what?" was his guarded question.

"Why then, we'll move this big working force of yours over to a building in Mack avenue. I'm nearly proof positive I can organize a company. Jimmy Couzens has saved up about two thousand dollars. He is young and level-headed and can afford to take a chance. Besides, Jimmy knows a lot about business. I'll add him to the force and I'll peddle the stock. We can try it anyway. If we fail — "

"We won't fail," Henry Ford interrupted; "we can't fail. We'll either succeed or I'll die in the attempt." He shut his lips grimly;

then a cheerful smile appeared and he added, "we can have a lot of fun doing the thing right."

Even at that time it was Mr. Ford's idea to make good cars in large numbers and for a low price. In a few months the plant was moved to the Mack building and Mr. Ford was enabled to devote all his time to perfecting his machine. The astounding success of the Ford company dates from that day.

It is interesting to note the rise of the men who worked with Ford at that time. As the business grew Mr. Ford sent John Wandersee all over the country to investigate and study chemistry, and today Mr. Wandersee is head chemist at the Highland Park plant of the Ford company. Gus Degner is superintendent of inspection at the same plant. Harold Wills was sent

about the country to study steel. It is he who invented molybdenum, the toughest and lightest of steels. At the time of the Chicago Tribune libel trial it was testified that Mr. Wills had received a salary of $80,000 a year for some years. Mr. Wills is now a motor car manufacturer himself. Enough has been said here to show that these men, although they did not buy stock in the Ford company have been rewarded with salaries and bonuses that have made them rich. They have shared in Henry Ford's prosperity just as if they had shared in the original financial risk.

Mr. Couzens invested twenty-five hundred dollars in the company and organized and directed five departments — bookkeeper, time clerk, purchasing agent, sales manager and business manager, but

he had no assistants; he did all the work. Mr. Malcomson found it more difficult than he had expected to sell the company's stock, but finally secured the following purchasers:

John S. Gray, a rich candy maker, who put in ten thousand, five hundred dollars in cash.

John Anderson of the law firm of Anderson & Rackham, attorneys for the company, who invested five thousand dollars.

Horace Rackham, his partner, who likewise invested five thousand dollars.

Albert Shelow, who invested five thousand dollars and later sold his holdings to Mr. Couzens for twenty-five thousand.

V. C. Fry and C. H. Bennett, who bought five thousand dollars' worth of stock each and later sold

out to Mr Ford and Mr. Couzens for twenty-five thousand each.

Alexander G. Malcomson, who put in twenty-five thousand, five hundred dollars in cash.

Mr. Ford was given an equal amount of stock for his assets.

At the end of two years the largest stockholders in the company were Alexander Malcomson, Henry Ford, James Couzens and John S. Gray. The Dodge brothers offered their foundry for the making of the car parts and each invested five thousand dollars in the company and became a director.

Back of the selling of one block of stock is an interesting story. Both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Rackham were young attorneys and Mr. Malcomson was their client. He talked to them of the company he was organizing, and Mr. Anderson,

a bachelor, at once put his money into it, "taking a chance," as he said. Mr. Rackham's case was different. He lived only two doors from the Ford home and had a nodding acquaintance with the inventor, but his health was poor and he could not afford to speculate with his savings. So he went to a leading banker for advice.

The banker took him to a window. "Look," he said pointing to the street. "You see all those people on their bicycles riding along the boulevard? There is not as many as there was a year ago. The novelty is wearing off; they are losing interest. That's just the way it will be with automobiles. People will get the fever; and later they will throw them away. My advice is not to buy the stock. You might make money for a year or

two, but in the end you would lose everything you put in. The horse is here to stay, but the automobile is only a novelty — a fad."

Mr. Rackham was convinced. But a few days later he met Mr. Malcomson who showed him facts and figures and talked eloquently. Rackham was convinced again — but the other way. He sold some real estate and took the money to Malcomson. "Here, take this money and buy the stock before I have time to change my mind again," he said. Anderson and Rackham drew the incorporation papers for the company and each man held his stock, selling it finally for twelve and one-half million dollars.

CHAPTER V.

The Story of Magical Success

On October 1, 1902, Mr. Couzens took a trial balance — in pencil — which showed that the Ford company after three months of operation was making rapid progress. By January, 1903, the first commercial car was sold, and soon orders began to come in faster than they could be filled. One hundred and sixty-five cars were sold that year. A larger factory, located on Piquette street, was secured and the work went forward rapidly. In 1905 the company began to pay 6 percent dividends.

In this Piquette street plant a young bookkeeper named Klingensmith was employed at a salary of

sixty-five dollars a month. Mr. Ford advanced him rapidly and in time Mr. Klingensmith became Vice President and Treasurer of the Highland Park plant. He testified in the Tribune suit that for several years his salary had been $75,000 a year. The drafting room at the Piquette street plant was in charge of Carl Emde, a German, who took out his first naturalization papers in 1902, and his second papers in 1911. When the company moved to the Highland Park plant Emde was put in charge of the tool room. This employee suddenly found himself in the spotlight of publicity in the last days of the Ford-Newberry senate campaign, as will be told later.

Another employee at the Piquette street plant was a pattern maker named Sorenson, a Dane,

who for years has been manager of the River Rouge foundry and tractor plant.

These are some examples of the way in which Mr. Ford has rewarded the men who have worked faithfully for him during long years. It always has been a source of pleasure to him to share his prosperity with his employees.

* * * *

Following the famous race at Grosse Pointe, when the Ford 999 defeated the Winton car, there were other races in various parts of the country, but in these Mr. Ford had no part. Finally, however, he decided to rebuild 999 and make it the " fastest thing on wheels." Soon afterward it was decided to hold a race against time on the frozen surface of Lake Sainte Claire in the

hope of breaking the record then held by Vanderbilt. The race track was built of cinders laid on the ice and racing officials had come from many cities to serve as judges and time keepers. Mr. and Mrs. Ford and their small son, Edsel, had gone to the lake the evening before and Mr. Couzens had followed them on the morning of the race. Mr. Ford was to drive 999, for the event was all important to him.

Early in the morning the engine was tested as a precaution, and to the consternation of the officials in the factory did not run well. They toiled over it like mad and finally, two hours before the time set for the race, the trouble was corrected, and the start made for Lake Sainte Claire, then considered a long way out in the country, although only ten miles from Detroit. Distances

have shrunk since that day. The weather was cold and raw, with a high wind that added to the discomfort of the spectators. Mr. Ford huddled in a short thick coat of black curly astrakan and wished 999 would arrive.

Finally the car appeared down the road and preparations for the start were completed at once. Mr. Ford took his seat, and at the crack of the pistol threw on the power. For a moment 999 stood on its hind wheels, as if imitating a bucking bronco, then the tires gripped the surface of the track and the machine was away like a shot. The hundred or more spectators held their breath as the little car tore along the track, then cheered wildly as it crossed the finish line. In a few minutes the timekeepers announced that Mr. Ford had broken

all records by making the mile in 39 4/5 seconds. This feat made the car and its designer known the world over.

That race and the previous one in which he defeated Alexander Winton were the only speed contests in which Henry Ford drove his own car. Shortly afterward Barney Oldfield drove 999 at New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities and won many successes, but the company's racing was destined to end soon in a near tragedy. Frank Kulick was driving a six-cylinder car in a race at the Michigan State Fair when a rear tire exploded, flew off and struck him on the head. The blow stunned Kulick and the speeding car crashed through a fence. Kulick was extracted from the tangled wreckage and hurried to a hospital.

As the unconscious driver was carried away Mr. Ford declared: "Never again will I risk the life of one of my men in this way."

Never, since that day, has the Ford Company entered a race.

Kulick recovered and is still in the employ of the Ford company. Likewise all the men who prepared the car for the race now hold important positions with the company. A picture was taken of them when the racer was completed. They were Peter E. Martin, now general manager of the Highland Park plant; Charles Hartner, now assistant plant superintendent; Gus Degner, now superintendent of inspection at the Highland Park plant; Fred Rockelman, now manager of the Indianapolis branch; Fred Haas, now in charge of all the branches, and Ray Dalinger,

Barney Oldfield (left), Henry Ford and "Old 999".

who will be mentioned again in the account of the peace ship. This racer was the first of its type ever built.

Even though it made no more racing cars the Ford company enjoyed prosperity without limit; likewise the automobile fever grew to white heat in Detroit. Fortunes were made quickly and lost as quickly, but through all the excitement Henry Ford clung to his policy of making a good car at the lowest possible price. In 1906 Mr. Malcomson sold his interest in the company to Mr. Ford and turned his time and attention to his coal business. Had he held his stock until 1919 and sold it then at the same price paid Mr. Couzens he would have received $62,500,000. Mr. Malcomson is a man of wealth, however, although he did not make

a dollar out of the company he founded and which has made other men multi-millionaires. Writers frequently come to him for his story. "If you will let me send that around the world I will make you famous," one journalist told him. "Think of what you are missing! This is your big opportunity."

Mr. Malcomson laughed. "You don't understand," he explained. "I do not want fame or newspaper notoriety either. Why, the most fun I get is listening to what people say in hotels and on trains. I've heard more versions of how the Ford company was started than you could think up in a year. Sometimes the story is so pathetic that it almost brings the tears to my eyes; sometimes it is so funny that I almost laugh in the speaker's face.

I wouldn't miss all this for anything."

Mr. Couzens left the Ford company on November 1, 1915, a month before the Peace Ship sailed, but continued as a director of the company until September 1, 1919, when he sold his interest in the company to Mr. Ford for thirty million dollars. As mayor of Detroit Mr. Couzens has made a name for himself, particularly by the fight he waged and won for municipal ownership of the street car lines. He is sponsoring a municipal hospital that in plan and purpose will be wonderful, and he has at every opportunity championed the cause of the people of his city.

After twelve years' connection with the Ford company the Dodge brothers notified Mr. Ford in February, 1915, that they did not care

to handle the factory work longer, their contract expiring in June. They later began the manufacture of their own cars and sold their interest in the Ford company to Henry Ford and his son for $25,000,000 each. It is reported that the holdings of the Gray estate were sold for $27,000,000.

* * * *

A young university graduate who expected to be advanced rapidly in the Ford service, remarked one day, "If I had Henry Ford's money I'd never prowl around the Rouge factory the way he does. All I'd know about the Ford industries would be what I read in the newspapers." His "prowling around" undoubtedly has been one of the important factors in Mr. Ford's success. From the beginning no one in his employ

worked harder than he, and no one works harder today. Mr. Ford believes that wealth is a trust and he strives to use it accordingly, for the betterment of the workers in the Ford industries. He prefers to raise industrial standards rather than to make more millions by exploiting his workers. His influence extends far beyond his own plants and has proved a boon to the working classes generally.

He holds the affection of the mass of his workmen as no other large employer can hope to. How he will stand by a man was demonstrated in the case of Emde in the Ford-Newberry senatorial race. This incident which contributed to Mr. Ford's defeat will be told in a subsequent chapter. The Ford employes are generally "well fixed." They have bank accounts, they own

securities and many of them own their homes. The real test of a man's popularity is in his home neighborhood, where he is best known. Mr. Ford is remarkably popular in Detroit; the mention of his name brings enthusiastic applause and his appearance at a large gathering has, on more than one occasion brought the throng to its feet cheering. Mere money could not do this. His popularity is founded on the fact that he is recognized as the friend of the common people — and that gives him a tremendous personal following throughout the country. This popularity has made him the target of criticism, but the best answer to the critics of Mr. Ford's methods is found in the fact that there never has been a strike in any of the Ford industries during the nearly twenty

years of their life — not even in the coal fields he owns.

Mr. Ford's activities in behalf of his employees are enthusiastically supported by John Henkel, his employment manager at the Highland Park plant. Henkel is honest and capable, but the heart and brain of the Ford system is Henry Ford himself. As is inevitable in such a large organization inequalities sometimes creep into the system. Those placed in authority have not always been loyal to their trust. But Mr. Ford is always on the alert and wrongs are quickly righted once they are detected.

When the five-dollar wage was put in effect at the Ford plants thousands of workmen were attracted to Detroit, many more than could be given employment. Much distress resulted. Mr. Ford called

in a trusted friend and gave him $50,000 with the request that the friend investigate conditions quietly and use the money to relieve the wants of the unemployed. None of those aided knew from whom the money came. Mr. Ford instinctively dreads notoriety and has an iron-clad rule that his name must not be connected with what he gives.

The wonderful achievements of the Ford factories are known wherever manufacturing is known. Industrial experts from far and near have come to Detroit to study the Ford methods. Many of these men have labored in the Ford plants to better acquaint themselves with the practical workings of the system. Such a man was K. Mimaura, employment manager of the Sumitonio copper works at Osaka, Ja-

The first "Ford factory". This is a brick barn on Bagley Street, Detroit, where Henry Ford worked on his first gas car.

pan. Although he worked for the Ford company for some time his identity was not learned until he resigned to return to Japan where he is now in charge of a large foundry and smelter. He left behind him in Detroit many friends and a trail of Japanese fans which he had ordered made in Osaka.

Early in the war a German baron went to Detroit and wanted to order five hundred Ford cars for immediate delivery.

"Mr. Ford is not willing to accept war orders," he was told.

"I understand all that," the baron replied impatiently, "but how long will it take you to make the five hundred cars?"

Quite patiently the company official explained again Mr. Ford's determination. This was beyond the baron's comprehension. "Don't

jest with me," he declared. "I want to place this order today. I am willing to pay your price. When can the cars be delivered?"

"It is now noon," the official told him. "It would take until 4 o'clock to make the five hundred cars. But Mr. Ford has issued orders that nothing will be manufactured for war purposes. That is his order. The only condition that would make him change it would be America's entry into the conflict." When America did enter the war the German baron probably recalled what he had been told in Detroit.

A French commissioner who came with a war order had a similar experience. He was shown through the plant. "Time them," said his guide as they stood watching the finished cars rolled away by the me-

chanical starter. "A finished car every twenty-nine seconds. Take your watch and time them." The Frenchman did, but he got no cars.

Throughout the country many plants worked day and night during the war turning out munitions and other military supplies. The Ford plant was unique in that no work was done there on Sunday. "My men must have their day of rest," Mr. Ford ruled. "We can do our full part without breaking the fourth commandment." And they did. Today one out of every ten of his employees is a returned soldier and half of these veterans are physically disabled. Henry Ford still is doing his part.

CHAPTER VI.

The Peace Ship

The facts about the Peace Ship — how the idea was presented to Henry Ford; the theory of what could be accomplished and the results, direct and indirect, of the undertaking, make a story far different from that believed by, perhaps, the majority of people. The true account set forth in the following pages was given the writer by persons in a position to know the facts, and every statement has been verified. Instead of criticism and ridicule Henry Ford deserves commendation for his endeavor.

The name of the person who persuaded Mr. Ford to undertake the strange mission of peace is omitted

here for good reasons. This leader withdrew from the party before the ship sailed and left Mr. Ford to endure the criticism and censure alone. Much as one may deplore the spectacular manner that marked the undertaking, the three hundred thousand dollars that it cost was not money wasted. As will be shown later the country profited by Mr. Ford's expenditure.

Rebecca Shelley and Angelica Morgan, two American women writers, one a delegate to The Hague Peace Conference in 1915, and the other also an ardent peace advocate, brought back to this country the report that Europe was weary of the war, and that the battling nations were all eager for peace. These women believed that if a delegation representing neutral countries were sent to Europe the

way could be paved for peace negotiations. They wanted President Wilson to appoint Miss Jane Addams of Chicago as America's representative.

Both women tried to see the president and also endeavored to have him receive Miss McMillan, a prominent English woman, then in America and Madame Schwimmer, an Austrian, who claimed to possess documents of vital importance in any effort to end the war. Failing to reach the president, Miss Shelley and Miss Morgan went to Detroit to see Henry Ford, who, they knew, was close to President Wilson. They failed again, but they did meet and talk with a number of prominent Detroiters; also they secured the co-operation of a number of active club women.

As a last resort Miss Shelley and

Miss Morgan went to the office of the Detroit News to enlist the support of that paper. To the then editor-in-chief, E. G. Pipp, they stated their case thus: "Jane Addams is willing to go to President Wilson and lay before him all the information she secured at The Hague concerning the sincere desire of the European nations to end the war. President Wilson has refused to see her. Miss McMillan has proof that the Allies want peace. Madame Schwimmer has documents which show that the Entente will enter into peace negotiations. These women must return home unless the president sees them soon. At the rate the war is progressing America will soon become involved."

Mr. Pipp went into his private office and soon was talking to Mr.

Tumulty, the president's secretary, on the long distance telephone. "Your information must be incorrect," Mr. Tumulty told him, when Mr. Pipp repeated the story just told him. "President Wilson has not refused Miss Addams an interview. Perhaps if she makes another effort to see him it can be arranged. The president can receive only delegations including representatives of both sides in the conflict. They must bring with them authentic information."

Mr. Pipp then got into communication with Miss Morgan and Miss Shelley. Madame Schwimmer came to Detroit, but Miss McMillan had returned to England. It was suggested that Mrs. Philip Snowdon, wife of a member of Parliament, and at that time lecturing in this country, be placed on the peace

committee in place of Miss McMillan. Miss Shelley and Miss Morgan favored the idea of having many telegrams sent the president urging him to undertake the preliminaries of peace. They also wished to arrange a big peace parade in Detroit to attract the attention of the country. Mr. Pipp urged them to abandon all such plans.

"There is nothing to be gained by spectacular efforts," he said. "You wished an audience with the president. It can be arranged. Publicity is altogether inadvisable and cannot help your cause."

When Madame Schwimmer reached Detroit she learned that Miss Morgan and Miss Shelley had exhausted their funds. She immediately sold her jewelry to meet the obligations incurred and took

a small room on the top floor of the Tuller Hotel. The writer was told by a woman who knew her that Madame Schwimmer was not the charming, dazzling creature that report has made her. She is described as a woman of culture and education, sincerely eager to end the war. She was fairly good looking, pale, with dark hair and snappy black eyes. She seemed just a plain motherly person, with no great amount of personal magnetism.

Like every newcomer in Detroit Madame Schwimmer was anxious to meet Henry Ford. She was an admirer of the Ford industrial system and desired moreover to show the motor king letters and documents from Earl Grey, the King of Sweden, von Bethman-Hollweg and others. These documents she

carried with her always, enclosing them in a flat green leather bag secured to her wrist. It has been said that these papers were forged, but the charge never has been proved. She appealed to Mr. Pipp to secure for her an interview with Mr. Ford. "I think I can arrange for you to meet him," Mr. Pipp told her, "but I shall make the appointment on one condition: You must promise not to ask him for financial aid or try, directly or indirectly, to secure money from him."

Madame Schwimmer's snappy black eyes looked straight into Mr. Pipp's steady blue eyes as she answered: "I give you my word of honor that I shall not ask Mr. Ford for money for any project whatever. I want to secure his aid in presenting my documents to President Wilson." Mr. Pipp then ar-

ranged the meeting. At his suggestion Alfred Lucking, Mr. Ford's senior counsel and a former member of Congress, was present when Madame Schwimmer met the motor king in his great office at the Highland Park plant. She presented her credentials and other documents and was questioned searchingly by Mr. Lucking. No witness in court ever underwent a more gruelling cross-examination than did this Austrian woman that morning.

* * * *

In this connection it must be remembered that there was no stronger advocate of peace in the country than Henry Ford. He had been born in the years of the Civil War and had spent his childhood in the shadow of the old arsenal at

Dearborn. His boyhood had been filled with stories of the horrors of war, and one day, years afterward, when driving away from his plant with a friend, he remarked: "There is the factory into which I have put my life. I have given it the best that is in me, but I would rather tear it down brick by brick with my own hands that have it used for making munitions of war."

The writer can state on the best authority that Mr. Ford did not agree to go to Washington with the peace committee. He was in Washington shortly after his meeting with Madame Schwimmer, and it was there that he was persuaded to go abroad with the peace delegates. It was at this time that the Peace Ship was suggested to him. Shortly afterward he telephoned Mrs. Ford at their home:

"We are going to Europe," he told her.

"Going where? Who is going to Europe?" asked his astonished wife.

"You and I — We're going to Europe. And we are going to take some people with us."

"Indeed we are not," was Mrs. Ford's emphatic reply. "Don't let anyone talk you into any such notion."

It may be suspected that the motor king was unwilling to risk further discussion with his wife, for next day he called up Mr. Pipp from New York. "There is a rumor here that I am dead," he told the newspaper man. "I don't want Mrs. Ford to worry. Will you telephone her that I am all right. You can get her quicker from your office than I can from here. Tell

her my cold is better and that I'll be home soon."

"What about the interview with President Wilson?" Mr. Pipp asked.

"There is nothing that he can do," came the answer in weary tones. "I'll tell you all about it when I return. By the way, do you mind if I bring Miller back with me? I do not like to make the trip alone." Miller was the Washington correspondent of the News, and Mr. Ford was particularly fond of him.

The next thing Mr. Pipp and Mrs. Ford heard was the newspaper announcement that Mr. Ford had agreed to finance a peace expedition to Europe; that a considerable party of peace enthusiasts would accompany him, and that he had chartered a ship for the voyage.

Mr. Ford returned to Detroit fired with the zeal of a crusader. To every advisor who urged him to abandon the project he replied: "In Washington they have experts studying every hill, valley, river and road in Europe. They have men studying every phase of war, but no one studying the possibilities of peace. If America is dragged into the war there will be a terrible loss of life among our young men. Thousands will be slaughtered like cattle and other thousands will die from exposure and disease. The reconstruction period through which we shall have to pass will be terrible. If I can be of any service whatever in helping end this war and keeping America out of it I shall do it if it costs me every dollar and every friend I have."

The Peace Ship sailed on December 4, 1915. It was necessary to take in gold the money needed to defray all expenses. Mr. Ford's farm manager, Ray Dalinger, who had served him since the days of the Piquette street plant, had charge of guarding and handling the great bags of coin that were carried in the ship's hold. Hardly was the Statue of Liberty out of sight before the peace delegates began to be less peaceful among themselves. In a short time the disagreements and friction became more marked. Madame Schwimmer herself became unpopular. She was temperamental and wrapped herself in a mantle of reserve. It has since been said that perhaps Madame Schwimmer was "a conspirator seeking to focus the attention of the world on peace at a time when her country

and its allies held the whip hand."

If this be true, she was sadly lacking funds for the undertaking. Her interviews were in full glare of the searching light that beats upon publicity. If she was an arch-spy, what could she accomplish by announcing her presence in a neutral country where the secret service is swift, active and effective ? What could she gain by approaching a man whose father was an Englishman; whose wife was the daughter of an English mother, both of whom keep in close touch with England? If she were an adventuress, she was bound to know that it is utterly impossible to reach a man of Henry Ford's prominence without being carefully scrutinized and investigated. If she were sincere in her motives, she has been terribly maligned and her disappointment in

the failure of the expedition must have been overwhelming.

Henry Ford was ill when the party reached Christiania. A cold had become worse and he was in no condition to go farther with his already hopeless task. He remained abroad long enough, however, to gather first-hand information of the European situation, especially astounding information regarding Russia. He learned, too, that Germany had no intention of ending the war without a victory that would subjugate the entire English-speaking world. He found that what the Allies needed most was a submarine detector.

Mr. Ford returned home on New Year's Day, 1916. The experience had aged him. It had opened his eyes to many things he would rather not have known and which

he probably never would have believed had he not made the voyage in the Peace Ship. That the war would continue he was convinced. The struggle would be a terrific one and the day was rapidly approaching when America would be drawn into it. Germany knew this country was unprepared and believed that we could not whip an army into shape in time to count in the conflict.

Forthwith Mr. Ford began to do some planning of his own. He ordered his yacht overhauled and made ready for instant service if the government should need it. His River Rouge plant, as has been said, is located at the point where the stream from which it takes its name flows into the Detroit river. The plant was rapidly equipped for the making of Eagle boats and

submarine chasers. The situation is an ideal one for a naval station, and it was used for this purpose throughout the war after the entry of the United States. Finally, Mr. Ford issued orders that work be rushed on his three million dollar hospital.

With all these preparations he never discussed with any one what he had learned abroad or the work he now had to do. If he read the bitter criticisms he gave them no heed. People close to him realized, however, that the current of his life had changed. He was busy day and night now; the twinkle came to his eyes but seldom, and the iron gray of his hair whitened.

A year later America entered the war and Henry Ford was summoned to Washington.

"How quickly can you supply

us with cars and munitions?" he was asked by a congressional committee.

"I must have a little time," he parried.

"Exactly how long will it be before you can make your first delivery of cars, trucks, caissons and the like?" came the insistent question.

Henry Ford looked at his watch; it was 11:30. "By 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon my first delivery will be complete," he replied. "I can telegraph to the plant and start work immediately. They should receive the order in five minutes."

The Congressmen laughed. They did not know that he had spent many sleepless nights planning every detail of the work that he knew he would be called upon to do. They did not know that he had been awaiting the day when he

must place all the resources of his great industry at the service of the government. The great factory — the largest motor plant in the world and the only one that hitherto had refused war orders — was equipped to the last detail so that at the signal from its owner every department could take up the work of war.

That is why the Ford plant played the wonderful part it did in supplying the necessities of war. That is why it was able to turn out finished materials for the armies faster than the ships could carry them across the Atlantic. What Henry Ford had learned on his unsuccessful peace voyage had caused him to prepare for the day that now had arrived. He knew that every day the struggle was prolonged more brave young soldiers would

fall and he employed all his vast resources to hasten the coming of peace by a speedy victory.

Henry Ford gave all his war profits — twenty-nine millions — to the government, with no hampering conditions. This vast amount was turned back to the Treasury to be used as the government saw fit. This was the act of a pacifist. If all the war advocates had done the same the country's war debts would not be so staggering to-day and there would have been less talk of war profiteers.

CHAPTER VII.

The Ford-Newberry Senatorial Campaign

If the Peace Ship injured the prestige of Henry Ford the effect was not apparent in his native state in 1916, for in that year the delegation sent to the Republican National Convention at Chicago was instructed to give him its complimenary "favorite son" vote. Mr. Ford has none of the characteristics of a statesman, or even politician, and does not yearn for public office, but he has more men working for him than there are people living in Nevada and Wyoming; he has been marvelously successful in his conduct of immense business undertakings, and it would seem that

he must be capable of filling a place in the Senate of the United States — not as a statesman or politician, not as an orator or social leader, but as a hard-working, successful man who always has had the interests of many people at heart.

In Michigan, where he is best known and most esteemed, many citizens were eager for him to be their senator, as William Alden Smith had announced that he would not be a candidate to succeed himself. Mr. Ford was urged to make the race on the Republican ticket and although the nomination would have been equivalent to election he refused, partly because he did not want the office and partly because he did not want to take the time away from his business. Then the Democrats appealed to him

to become their standard bearer. "Michigan," they told him, "is overwhelmingly Republican. You are the only man who can make the race as a Democrat with any hope of success. At this critical period the President needs the support in Washington of every friend he has."

About this time the President sent for Mr. Ford to come to Washington for a conference. They discussed the submarine detector on which Mr. Ford himself had been working. From that the conversation turned to the coming senatorial campaign. Partisanship did not enter into the conversation, but the President said that he needed Mr. Ford in the Senate and gave as his reason that he "was fair-minded and had no party prejudices," and he added: "No one knows as I do the work

that you and your son are doing to help win the war. No one knows better than I know the heartache and the sacrifice that you are putting into it. But I hope you will put aside your personal feelings, make this additional sacrifice and be a candidate."

Mr. Ford was touched by the appeal, but his reply was characteristic of the man. "I cannot leave Detroit," he told the President. "I cannot take my eyes off the plant. No matter how many officials I may have, I must be there myself. I am around my factory all day and every day; I am there very often at night. I've gotten out of bed many a time to drop in on the night shift and see how things were moving. I've worked right along with the men on the submarine detector and we have

just completed it. I cannot take time to make the race. Moreover, I have so much to do at Detroit that I could not spend enough time in Washington if I were Senator. Besides, I can't make speeches and I have not the patience to sit around and listen to folks who like to talk."

Mr. Wilson put his hand on Mr. Ford's shoulder. "The country needs you," he said. 'We are being swamped by waste; we are being hampered by various combinations. I need your aid in this time of stress. I know your obligations and I realize that I am asking more than you feel you can give; but I need you — need you more than you know."

And when Henry Ford returned to Detroit the same argument was advanced from every side: "The

President needs you. You are the only man in Michigan that can be elected on the Democratic ticket."

Meanwhile the Republicans, alarmed by the general talk of Mr. Ford as the Democratic candidate, cast about for the strongest man they could find to oppose him. They selected Commander Truman H. Newberry, prevailed upon him to enter the primaries and he was selected as the Republican nominee. Mr. Newberry was a man of great wealth — several times a millionaire — and was connected with the most influential families of the state. His home was in the fashionable suburb of Grosse Pointe, ten miles from Detroit. In 1905 he had been appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy and when American entered the world war President Wilson made him

a Lieutenant Commander in the navy, the highest rank ever conferred upon a civilian. Later he became aide to Rear Admiral N. E. Usher, commandant of the third naval district, which includes New York and Brooklyn. At that time no one had any idea of the bitterness and legal prosecutions that would follow the campaign; no one had any idea that Commander Newberry, one of Michigan's leading citizens, would be convicted and sentenced by a Republican jury and judge for violation of the federal election law, and that many other party leaders would be involved with him. If either Mr. Ford or Commander Newberry had known what was in store it is more than likely that neither would have taken part in the campaign, even if they had foreseen that after the

long and bitter fight Mr. Newberry would be cleared in the United States Supreme Court and the law under which he was prosecuted declared unconstitutional.

Finally Mr. Ford agreed to run. Soon the battle was on. His admirers took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves and went to work. Party lines were swept aside and Detroit never has known such a campaign as that which followed. Soon the excitement swept over the entire state — both men were known in every township and village and both were regarded as the strongest their respective parties could have selected. As time passed the campaign grew hotter and hotter. Straw votes were taken everywhere and it was confidently predicted that Henry Ford would be elected by an overwhelming ma-

jority, although he had almost no newspaper support — Michigan having few Democratic papers.

But the race was not over. Two developments were to upset the hopes of Mr. Ford's followers. One was the letter written by President Wilson asking for a Democratic congress. This did his candidacy much harm. The other was the statement attributed to Charles Evans Hughes, which appeared in the newspapers on November 3, 1918, just two days before the election. The statement itself hurt Mr. Ford's chances, and Mr. Ford's subsequent action did his cause still more harm. It should be kept in mind that the Ford Motor company had done and still was doing a vast amount of war work. Armistice rumors were already being heard, but the necessity of guard-

ing the country's war secrets was as great as ever.

In its issue of Sunday morning, November 3, the Detroit Free Press carried a full-page advertisement, which also appeared in other newspapers, parts of which are given below. The "ad" was published by the Republican State Central Committee, over the signature of John D. Mangum, chairman. At the top in heavy type, at least two inches high, were the words:

"HENRY FORD AND HIS HUNS."

Below this was the following statement:

> "Carl Emde, a German alien and a German sympathizer, is boss of the drafting work on the Liberty motor at the Ford plant. Henry Ford

knows he is a German alien and a German sympathizer, but he refuses to take him off this work.

"This is not hearsay. It is absolute fact, vouched for by Charles Evans Hughes, whom President Wilson appointed to find out why the production of American aeroplanes has been so much delayed, when the American soldiers in France need them so much. President Wilson's confidence in Mr. Hughes is emphasized by the fact that Mr. Hughes is a former justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. His reputation and respect for the truth and for fairness in judgment have never been questioned, even by his bitterest adversaries. Concerning

Emde's job, Mr. Hughes says in his report to the President:

"'IT IS POSSIBLE FOR ONE IN THAT DEPARTMENT TO BRING ABOUT DELAYS THE CAUSES FOR WHICH, IN VIEW OF THE MULTIPLICITY OF DRAWINGS, IT WOULD BE HARD TO TRACE.'"

There are three more paragraphs attacking Mr. Ford on this score, which I shall omit — not wishing to weary the reader. The advertisement continued:

"Sacrifice? What about the sacrifice of American soldiers if this German pet of Henry Ford's sees fit to delay the

production of Liberty motors and the making of aeroplanes, as he is in a position to do? How many American lives have already been sacrificed in aeroplanes tampered with by German agents? If Henry Ford puts so much faith in the German Emde after all he knows about him, is there any reason why he should not put the same faith in the German Hohenzollern? Since Henry Ford is so fond of this German pet of his, is there no place in his large establishment where he can give Emde work and keep him out of the way of temptation to serve his fatherland, as many other Germans have already served in this country? As Mr. Hughes says:

"'THERE HAS BEEN A

LAXITY AT THE FORD PLANT WITH RESPECT TO THOSE OF GERMAN SYMPATHIES WHICH IS NOT AT ALL COMPATIBLE WITH THE INTERESTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.'"

The advertisement went on at much length along these lines, emphasizing various paragraphs with heavy type. Then it said:

"It is now plain to every voter in Michigan that Henry Ford is no more wary of Hun agents than he was when he followed Rosika Schwimmer to Europe on the peace ship three years ago. He is as innocent as ever.

"If Carl Emde wishes to

make plans and photographs of the Ford plant or the Liberty motor for use by the enemies of the United States, Henry Ford is willing to give him a chance to do it, just as he fell for Madame Schwimmer's pro-German peace plans.

"Henry Ford loves Huns too much to be trusted with a seat in the Senate of the United States and help make peace with them. Commander Newberry knows them for what they are and is helping to fight them at every stage of the game.

"There can be but one choice for wide-awake Americans in this election."

The Ford campaign managers were taken completely by surprise.

The Liberty motor work, the particular department attacked, was the best piece of work that Henry Ford had accomplished, and the Republican letter was a staggering blow. The only hope of offsetting the damage done lay in an immediate reply through the Monday papers so that as many as possible of the voters, especially in the rural districts, could be reached before they went to the polls Tuesday morning. Mr. Pipp, who had resigned as editor-in-chief of the Detroit News and who had been government inspector in seven Detroit factories engaged in war work, was in charge of all the Ford campaign statements given to the press.

He began work at once on an answer to the Hughes statement. It was a difficult undertaking; for, while he knew just what the Ford

plant had accomplished in the making of war materials, it was hard to decide how much could be revealed at that time. Mr. Pipp knew what Emde had done; he knew that the Liberty motors could not have been completed in such numbers without his aid. A few words about these famous motors will make this clear. Up to that time the approved method was to machine the cylinders out of solid forgings, a method that consumed a vast amount of time and required a tremendous amount of equipment and labor. To eliminate delay the Ford company decided to use steel tubing cut to length and upset. The plan was to have one end of the tube heated and formed to a cone shape, leaving a small opening at the end of the cone. A second operation flattened the cone so

as to weld the hole shut, making a seamless joint. Unfortunately this method was found impractical; the hole was closed, but seams and cracks appeared where the edges came together.

It was essential to produce a seamless wall in the cylinder and four men, Emde, Findlater, Hartner and Martin, set to work to find a method of doing it. This they did by placing the point of the cone to one side, so that the defect was located on the spot where a two-inch hole had to be drilled for the valve seat. Production was started under this method, but another delay was experienced because of the slow method of cutting the tubes. Emde set to work again and designed and built a shear to be used instead of a steel saw. The result was that 4,000 cylinders a day

were produced. In other plants the valve housings, intake and exhaust were acetylene welded to the top of the cylinder. Emde with a companion, Riemenschneider, worked out a method of butt welding which made a superior weld and saved much time. This method was subsequently adopted by other makers of the Liberty motor. In all 511,854 cylinders were made by the Ford company. Approximately 125,000 were used at the Ford plant and the remainder delivered to the government for other Liberty engine makers.

The company also turned out 700,000 bearings for the Liberty motor, and these were so superior that the government had placed orders with the company for all the Liberty motor bearings made in this country. Up to the day of the

publication of the Hughes statement 400,000 of these bearings had been delivered.

Another important war-time achievement of the Ford company was in the making of caisson axles. The problem was to get away from the solid axle forgings, as these required the drilling of a three and one-half inch hole for seventy-six inches through solid metal. The Ford company made the axles from steel tubing at one-sixth the cost. And every axle passed the government test.

But Mr. Pipp knew much more about the achievements of the Ford company. It had delivered 2,000,000 steel helmets, 8,000 caissons, more than 8,000 trucks and 25,000 Ford cars and 6,000 ambulances, several hundred of which were given free. Nor was that all. Much

experimental work had been done on three-ton tanks and a smaller two-man tank. More than a million dollars' worth of work had been done in producing special devices for the British navy, and the Ford chemical department had co-operated in the making of gas masks. Motion picture reels for the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross and other patriotic uses were made by the company and supplied to the government in sufficient quantities to be used all over the country. Other motion pictures were sent to the American forces on every fighting front.

How much of this information he would be warranted in publishing as an answer to the Hughes criticisms was the problem that confronted Mr. Pipp. However, time pressed and he set to work,

and a statement was completed on Monday morning. Just as he finished his labors Mr. Ford, who was in the room, started to the telephone. "I want to get Emde," he explained. "I want to tell him not to worry." Emde, it is true, was born in Germany, but he had been a naturalized citizen of the United States for many years.

"Let me read this statement to you first," urged Mr. Pipp. "Then I can give it to the papers. Any delay in getting it published may mean your defeat."

"If a candidate has to go through this sort of thing to get into the Senate I don't want to go there," said Mr. Ford. "Wait until I talk to Emde." After considerable delay he got Emde on the wire. "Don't worry, Emde," said Henry Ford. "I have seen the

papers. I know you; I have watched you work and I know you are honest and faithful. If they try to hang you they will have to hang me first. I am going to see that you get a square deal."

When Mr. Ford had finished his conversation with Emde, Mr. Pipp induced him to read the statement. Mr. Ford approved it and Mr. Pipp sent it to the newspapers. It was too late; the Monday noon papers had gone to press and it was these editions that the Ford managers had relied upon to undo the harm wrought by the Hughes statement, for they circulated throughout the state. The statement did get into the night editions, but these have little country circulation, and the papers that reached the rural districts on election morning carried the Ford statement tucked away

where comparatively few saw it. It is probable that many who read the Hughes statement never saw the Ford answer.

This was as follows:

"Our policy is to make men, not to break them. In times of panic great injury and injustice are often done to innocent persons, and we try to keep our heads.

"We would not allow injustice to be done to an old, trusted and valued employee, even though he was born in Germany. The results speak for themselves. Mr. Emde, referred to as the special example in the Hughes report, has been with us a little over twelve years, and he is a most able and excellent engineer

and has always given perfect satisfaction. Not one word could be found by Mr. Hughes or anyone else with regard to Mr. Emde's actual work. We in the plant know that he gave valuable assistance and many suggestions with regard to the development of the Liberty motor cylinders, which are being furnished to all the manufacturers, with a saving of three hundred and forty-five thousand dollars a month to the government over former orders.

"From the beginning of the war we have taken the greatest precaution. * * * We have had no interference with our work that could be in any way traced to enemy aliens. * * * The United States Marshal

can speak for himself as to our organization and work with regard to that. Mr. Ford was a witness before Mr. Hughes, but he was not asked a single question with reference to enemy aliens, Mr. Emde or anyone else."

Under the Ford reply was printed a statement from the United States Marshal:

"We have had less trouble with enemy aliens in the Ford plant than in any other large plant. If there is any blame with regard to the Ford plant, it should be on the marshal's office and not on the Ford people. The Ford company did not employ a single German alien without a permit of the marshal's office."

Friends who dropped in to see Mr. Ford that day still expressed confidence that he would be elected, but as he and Mr. Pipp left the campaign headquarters together Mr. Ford said to his compaion, "I noticed that you did not join with the others when they were insisting that I would win tomorrow."

"No," replied Mr. Pipp. "I couldn't agree with them. I don't think you have plain sailing. I think you have a fair fighting chance, but only a fair one."

"But that wasn't what you said Saturday."

"No; if the election had been held Saturday you would have won. But to-day is Monday and it's a different story."

"Do you mean that you think the Wilson letter —"

"In my estimation," interrupted Mr. Pipp, "the Wilson letter cost you ten thousand votes. You could spare that many. There were people in Michigan who had forgotten all about party lines; they only remembered that you were a candidate and they wanted to pay you the highest honor they could. The Wilson letter jerked them up. It reminded them that they were Republicans and that you are running as a Democrat. I would wager that letter cost you their votes. You could spare ten thousand votes, but you can't spare many more."

"Then you think the Hughes statement —"

"The Hughes statement will work more havoc than anything else could have done. People will not have time to learn the truth. If I could have got a reply out in

time for it to reach every voting precinct it would have helped some. Up-state and in the rural districts they won't see to-morrow's papers, but you can be perfectly sure that they'll get word of the Hughes report. If they don't see it themselves some one will pass it along. The gossip that you're keeping a German working in your cylinder department will reach them. Coming from a man of Mr. Hughes' prominence, it will carry weight. I think I know politics and I think I know that last-minute rumors often turn the tide. In my opinion you have a fair fighting chance. You may pull through by a narrow margin. You probably will lose by between five and ten thousand votes."

The first election reports gave the state to Commander Newberry

by 7,567 votes. The official recount, some eighteen months later, changed the figures somewhat, but not the result. Mr. Pipp had been right.

The results of that contest were far reaching. If Henry Ford had won there would have been an equal number of Republicans and Democrats in the Senate and the Vice-President, a Democrat, would have cast the deciding vote where there was a tie. Moreover, the Republicans would not have had the chairmanships of all the committees. Finally, but for the Republican majority of two in the Senate the League of Nations might have been endorsed.

The many good Americans who are opposed to the League feel that it was fortunate for the country that Commander Newberry was

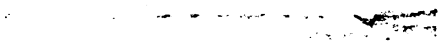
elected. Many others, firm believers in the League, regard the outcome of the Michigan campaign as a defeat, not alone for Henry Ford but for the hope of permanent peace. Certainly the whole nation, perhaps the whole civilized world, was involved in that contest. It was not until a short time ago, on May 2, 1921, that the case was finally disposed of by the decision of the United States Supreme Court at Washington, which set aside the conviction of Commander Newberry in the Michigan District Federal Court and declared unconstitutional the Corrupt Practices act under which he had been indicted.

There are those who say that Mr. Hughes never made the statement attributed to him, and that he would not have stooped to such campaign methods had he been

aware of the Republican committee's plan. "The statement was held back until the last minute so that Mr. Hughes would not have an opportunity to deny it," they argue.

His defeat brought to Henry Ford, no doubt, a feeling of relief. He had made the best fight any candidate could make. He was surprised and hurt by the eleventh-hour methods of the Republican organization. For himself his conscience was clear; he had fought a clean fight and had not stooped to underhand methods. Long before the votes were recounted and the official election figures filed he had received several citations from the United States War Department, which meant much more to him than a seat in the United States Senate. The citation which gave

The Ford home on the River Rouge. In the round tower is Mr. Ford's study.



him the most pleasure is printed herewith:

"To Ford Motor Company,
Detroit, Michigan:

"In accordance with the recommendation of the Director of Air Service a certificate of merit has been sent to you under separate cover.

"The citation by the Director of Air Service is as follows:

"THIS COMPANY PRODUCED 3,950 COMPLETE LIBERTY-12 MOTORS OF UNUSUALLY GOOD QUALITY. THEY ALSO PRODUCED ALL CYLINDER FORGINGS USED BY ALL PLANTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF LIBERTY MOTORS, AND THEY INVENTED AND

DEVELOPED SPECIAL MACHINERY AND PROCESSES FOR THIS PURPOSE. THIS PLANT WAS 100 PER CENT ON WAR WORK.

"The Chief of Ordnance also made similar recommendation and citation:

"IT IS VERY GRATIFYING TO ME TO BE ENABLED TO TRANSMIT THIS VISIBLE RECOGNITION OF PATRIOTIC WAR SERVICE.

GEO. W. BURR,
Major General,
Assistant Chief-of-Staff."

This proved that Henry Ford, in his own field, had done all that any living man could do for his country. Without doubt he had been

the medium of saving the lives of many soldiers.

The strangest thing about this Senate race was that Mr. Ford was not a Democrat. He was and is a Republican. He made the race for Senator because he believed in the principles for which President Wilson was standing. With the exception of that one campaign, and the time when he voted for the reelection of Woodrow Wilson, he has always voted the Republican ticket. Yet he was the storm center of one of the bitterest political battles that ever has been waged.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Chicago Tribune Libel Suit

Shortly after the time of the Ford-Newberry campaign an eastern writer came to Detroit to secure material for a book dealing with Henry Ford and his achievements. He failed to secure the "copy" he wanted and for that or some other reason gave out a story dealing with Mr. Ford and the American flag that had no foundation in fact. The story was widely circulated among newspapers throughout the country and was, also, the subject of much editorial comment. It should be said that many newspapers printed the original telegram from Detroit in good faith, merely as a matter of news.

and with no thought at the time that the article was untrue.

The editorial comment that the "fake" story provoked was, however, extremely severe in many instances and especially in some of the papers which had opposed Mr. Ford's senatorial candidacy. Those familiar with Mr. Ford, his work and his aims, knew, of course, that he was not an anarchist and had no sympathy with anarchists, yet sharp-penned editorial writers made the charge against him. Mr. Ford waited patiently, but the attacks continued. Finally, his patience exhausted, he placed the matter in the hands of his attorneys, who sent letters to the offending papers, but no retractions were printed.

At length Mr. Ford and his advisors decided that in defense of

his good name he must act. The leading paper among the group that had attacked him most bitterly was selected and suit for libel was started against it in the Circuit Court for Wayne County at Detroit. This paper was the Chicago Tribune. It had challenged his patriotism, had termed him an ignorant idealist and had linked his name with the names of noted anarchist leaders whom Mr. Ford did not know and with whom he never had had any connection whatever.

A more absurd charge probably never was brought against a well known man than the allegation that Mr. Ford was an anarchist. At his great plants in Detroit an Americanization school had been maintained for five years, one of the primary purposes of which was to instill respect for American prin-

ciples in the minds of the foreign-born employees of the Ford company. This school had prepared thousands of immigrants for the duties of citizenship. Mr. Ford, himself, had done great things for his country in the critical days of the war and the beneficial results of his example and influence were far-reaching. He was a member of the Episcopal church, attended services regularly and was by instinct as well as by training a champion of law and order, of patriotism and truth. He knew little and cared less about history, although he played a part in its making, and concerned himself with what could be done today for the good of his fellow men, rather than with what had transpired in past ages. He enjoys books on philosophy and science and is a close reader of Tol-

stoy, Darwin, Maeterlinck and Emerson. A volume of Emerson is always to be found beside a couch in his library where, after dinner, he frequently spends much time reading before a huge fireplace.

In bringing suit against the Chicago Tribune Mr. Ford's position was simply this: He disliked the idea of protracted litigation and all the attendant publicity, but he was no coward, and once he had decided that he must act, act he did and vigorously. He reasoned that in order to secure adequate satisfaction from the paper that had libeled him he must demand a sum that would make a lasting impression on the press of the country, hence the million dollars asked in the bill filed by his attorneys. He believed that his suit would have a

salutary effect upon the press in general and serve as a warning that "free speech" does not shield the slanderer. He felt too that he was championing the cause of other men similarly wronged, but not so well equipped financially for a long and expensive struggle in the courts. He was not fighting the newspapers; he was fighting falsehood.

Elaborate preparations for the suit were made on both sides. Alfred Lucking, former member of Congress, and senior counsel for Mr. Ford, was assisted in the presentation of the case by Judge Alfred Murphy, who resigned from the Wayne County bench to enter the case. The case came to trial in the summer of 1919 at Mt. Clemens, where it was sent on a change of venue from Detroit. Among the

attorneys for the Tribune was Elliott G. Stevenson, who had been counsel for the Dodge brothers in their suit against Mr. Ford a few years before. Mr. Stevenson is an expert in cross examination, adept in the ridiculing of a witness, catching him off his guard and disconcerting him with sudden and unexpected questions. Report reached Mr. Ford and his lawyers that Mr. Stevenson had boasted that he would force Mr. Ford to read aloud in court long documents and extracts from books with which the inventor was unfamiliar. Mr. Ford was determined to do nothing of the kind. Upon the day when he was on the witness stand he carefully neglected to take his glasses to court, and whenever documents were presented to him to read he refused to do so. It was following

one such refusal that Mr. Stevenson, with profuse apologies, blandly said to the witness:

"Mr. Ford, I dislike to ask you this question, but I have heard that you cannot read or write. Is it true?"

Counsel for Mr. Ford were on their feet instantly with vigorous objections to the question and the argument was sharp and bitter. To say that a boy who had grown up on a Michigan farm under home conditions such as had marked the childhood of Henry Ford, was illiterate was, of course, absurd. Mr. Ford's friends believed that the sole purpose of the question was to supply a basis for a sensational newspaper story that would be widely circulated and thus further wound the inventor.

It was mid-summer. The court

room was stifling; an occasional breath of air wandered in through the open windows, but was a questionable relief, for it was laden with the sulphur fumes of the nearby Mt. Clemens baths. A small army of newspaper correspondents was entrenched at long tables surrounding the lawyers, jury and witnesses. Telegraph boys sauntered in and hurried out bearing "copy" for papers far and near. The realization of all this publicity was distressing to Mr. Ford as he sat in the witness box. Mr. Stevenson's voice is throaty and difficult to understand and frequently Mr. Ford could not catch the question put to him. This was another strain on the weary witness.

On the day on which he was to take the stand Mr. Ford wore to court an old and comfortable

pair of shoes. Now any witness should be on the alert during cross examination; he should watch the opposing attorney much as one fencer watches another, prepared for any sudden thrust. That day, as the questioning droned on, Mr. Ford let his attention wander. Absent-mindedly he drew from his pocket an old knife, opened it and began idly to trim a bit of leather from the edge of the sole of his shoe. For the moment he was off his guard.

It was just the moment a clever lawyer would make the most of. While I cannot quote from the transcript of the trial, the question which Mr. Stevenson suddenly shot at Mr. Ford was, as I remember it:

"Tell the jury who Benedict Arnold was."

Mr. Ford paused in the whittling

of his shoe sole and looked at the lawyer, a pained expression on his face. "Arnold? — Why, Arnold was a writer," he replied.

At once trained pencils sped over the paper of the newspaper men and the tense silence in the court room was broken by the clatter of telegraph boys as they sped away with more "copy." In no time at all newspapers all over the country were proclaiming that "Henry Ford says Benedict Arnold was a writer."

"If only you had not said Benedict Arnold was a writer," groaned a close friend who joined Mr. Ford as soon as court adjourned. Henry Ford sighed. "I thought Stevenson wanted to know about Arnold who used to write for us," he replied. "Don't you remember him? He left the office one day saying he

was ill, and that night died of heart disease. Stevenson surely realized that I did not catch his question. He had been asking me about Delavigne and the other men who wrote for me. He had asked me several times about Brownell, and I thought he was nagging me about our publicity and advertising departments."

Such was the simple explanation of the Benedict Arnold reply.

"Never mind," his friend consoled him. "What does it matter? It was just a trick to bring out that you seldom think of history. You are too busy with present day affairs. An attorney is hard up when he has to drag a Revolutionary War traitor into a twentieth century case."

The Ford lawyers had kept the testimony of Clinton C. DeWitt,

head of the Americanization school at the Ford plant, till the last to give their case an effective climax. Mr. DeWitt presented the lessons which he had been teaching the foreign-born workers for several years, lessons which taught them to become good Americans, taught allegiance to the flag, interpreted the constitution and pictured the anarchist in his true colors as a peril to government and people alike. Mr. DeWitt testified further that he had arranged the lessons after receiving direct instructions from Mr. Ford, who frequently inspected them in outline and who had, during the last five years, kept in close touch with and frequently had attended the classes.

At last the case went to the jury, which promptly returned a verdict against the Tribune. The clerk of

the court read the verdict as follows:

"You do say upon your oath that the said defendants, the Tribune company, is guilty in manner and form as the said plaintiff hath in his declaration in this cause complained, and you assess the damages of the said plaintiff on occasion of the premises over and above costs and charges by him about his suit in this behalf expended, at the sum of 6 cents' damages."

The jury acknowledged the verdict as correct and hurried from the court room.

Mr. Ford's main purpose in bringing the suit was to prove false the accusation of the Tribune that he was an anarchist. The newspaper did not appeal the case.

Few similar suits have been more widely read or discussed than this.

It made "good reading," but as reported in many papers the proceedings gave an utterly false picture of the complainant. Many of those who aimed much ridicule at Mr. Ford could have done no better on the witness stand. As some one later observed: "After all, the worst that one of the most powerful papers in the country could say against Henry Ford injured him only to the extent of six cents."

CHAPTER IX.

Henry Ford's Interesting Personality

The Ford company plant attracts thousands of visitors, foreign government officials and other distinguished travelers as well as plain Americans. Two hundred thousand persons have been conducted through the plant in a year, and in one month there were forty-eight thousand visitors. Naturally they all want to see and talk to Mr. Ford himself; naturally, too, he can receive only a small percentage of them if he is to have any time for his own affairs. One day his callers included a European queen, the Rockefeller of China, an ex-president of the United States, several

senators, two university presidents, a committee of educators and a California woman, seventy years of age, who had crossed the country in her Ford roadster.

A staff of secretaries is kept busy opening Mr. Ford's mail. Ten thousand letters were received each day for a considerable time. If he were to comply with half the requests he receives for help he would be compelled to close his business. Appointments generally are made for him by Ernest G. Liebold, who is Mr. Ford's general secretary, to whom he has delegated great power. He often acts for Mr. Ford. Mr. Liebold's assistant is Frank Campsall, who possesses much ability and a pleasing personality.

It has been said that Mr. Ford does not read the newspapers, and that he does not keep in touch with

the affairs of the day. Both statements are untrue. Mr. Ford reads the morning papers more regularly than he eats his breakfast; he glances through the noon editions and the evening papers are always put by his favorite chair and reading light. He goes through them carefully. Moreover, he receives many cartoons and clippings that refer to him, both favorable and unfavorable.

The activities of his experts show that Mr. Ford is in touch with modern conditions and needs. His chemical department has perfected a gasoline substitute by liquifying gases that form much as coke is made from coal. The same department has made tests with a milk substitute which is purer than the average cow's milk and which, it is hoped, will prove a blessing to

many thousands of ailing babies. Mr. Ford frequently discusses small communities as industrial centers and many similar subjects.

It has happened not infrequently that persons who never knew Mr. Ford have drawn freely from their imagination to substantiate the claim that they are familiar with all the details of his life. A book was written by a writer with no more foundation than a few interviews with Mr. Ford as he stepped from an elevator or walked in the park with his wife. Nearly all the stories of the financial difficulties of the inventor in the early days of his car-making come from vivid imagination and nothing else.

* * * *

At twenty-eight Mr. Ford's only son is at the head of the motor

plant. The heir to vast wealth, it would not be unusual if he devoted much of his time to golf and other amusements and spent months at winter and summer resorts, or, like many another son of a rich father, let Dad do the work. Instead Edsel Bryant Ford is at his desk every morning. Those who know him well say that he has his father's genius, enthusiasm and common sense and his mother's poise, and that he is a young man of ability and strength of character.

Edsel Ford was a small child in the days when his father was struggling to get a start in the automobile industry, and he naturally has both love and respect for the great business that his father founded and built up. He had no college education, for he was schooled in the factory; starting in an unim-

portant position he worked his way through the various departments and learned the entire business first hand. The draft board granted him one of the ten thousand exemptions that were given industrial workers in Detroit. The board felt that he was more needed in the factory than in active military service. Not by a word or gesture did Mr. Ford seek to keep his son out of war.

* * * *

Mr. Ford seldom wears a hat and his hair is snowy white. He is a frail looking man, with shoulders slightly stooped, and he usually wears a gray suit that matches his gray eyes. His features are delicate, his hands and feet small, and his height about five feet nine inches. In manner he is friendly

and genial, and although very retiring he is a delightful conversationalist. He has traveled much, has inherited a touch of his father's keen Irish wit and enjoys a hearty laugh. Around his home he whistles like a school boy. He is devoted to outdoor life, but abhors hunting. He will not allow anything to be killed on his land, not even the crickets, nor will he permit the servants to drive away birds.

Among his friends he is known for his quaint and apt expressions. With a quizzical glance at a rainy sky he will remark, "You can't change the weather, so change your attitude toward it." "Pool your knowledge" is a favorite bit of advice he gives, and a comment familiar to his intimates is, "It takes pluck, not luck, to make people successful." One Sunday while he and

Mrs. Ford were attending services in the Episcopal cathedral in Detroit Mr. Ford's car was stolen from in front of the church. Since then he laughingly declares that he has lost interest in church services. And he is fond of saying that he "believes in religion, but doesn't work at it much."

His country estate of seven thousand acres was ten miles from Detroit, but extends almost to what is now the city limits. There Mr. Ford lives the year 'round, entertains his friends and is happy among his birds and trees. A part of his grounds extends behind the Dearborn village school. It is a natural amphitheatre, and Mr. Ford has had it cleared for the use of the school athletic association. He delights in driving through the village where his own boyhood was

spent, filling his limousine with boys and girls and carrying them off for a picnic in the woods. For his personal use he generally drives a small gray closed car — a Marmon — but he has, of course, many other cars, including a "flock of Fords."

He is a skillful camp fire cook, and one of his favorite amusements is a steak broiling contest with some titled visitor. On such occasions he personally selects the meat at the butcher's. His frequent visitors include John Burroughs, who died recently, Thomas A. Edison and Harvey S. Firestone. These four regularly spent two weeks together camping or touring, their automobiles followed by a "house on wheels," a large motor truck equipped like the prairie wagons in which the western sheep herders

cook, live and sleep. Mr. Ford and Mr. Firestone, being in the same business, have many interests in common. Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison have been the closest of friends for twenty years. Both are possessed of many similar characteristics and have the same tireless, inventive genius. Both believe that "success is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration." They have consulted each other in their problems and correspond by letter and occasionally by wireless, for both have wireless stations at their homes.

Mr. Ford first met John Burroughs some twenty years ago when the great naturalist was visiting in Detroit. Their devotion to the out-of-doors soon made them the closest of friends, and that friendship was unbroken until death took the

naturalist a few months ago. The last time Henry Ford saw his old friend alive was in December, 1920. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Ford visited the Burroughs place, Riverby-on-Hudson. Mr. Ford stopped at a butcher shop on the way and bought a number of choice steaks so that "J. B." could prepare what he called "brigand steaks." Here are the directions: Place a steak, a slice of bacon and an onion on a long green stick and hold over the hot coals, turning often. Mr. Ford, although he had never mentioned it, hired men to clear up Mr. Burroughs' rocky land and also paid off the mortgage so that the naturalist would not lose his paternal homestead. This Mr. Burroughs mentioned in his will.

Mr. Ford still takes a keen delight in skating, and the small lake

on his estate is kept clear of snow from the first freeze to the coming of spring. There Mr. Ford spends many winter evenings gliding over the ice. It is to such pastimes as this, no doubt, that he largely owes his excellent health. He has lived all his life practically in the same spot and even today he seldom leaves the vicinity of Dearborn for any length of time with the exception of a summer cruise on his yacht, a hasty trip of inspection or for a brief camping trip with old friends.

The Ford residence is of gray native stone and built along Gothic lines. His study is in the round tower. Long bookcases shelter his books, the technical ones among them showing plainly their constant use, and a large window looks toward the bungalow which Mr.

Ford built in the first days of his prosperity as a resting place where he would be safe from intrusion. Its broad veranda and great fireplace surrounded with easy chairs make it comfortable in summer or winter. The study windows overlook what at first glance seems an Indian mound, but which is the natural shelter for the electric boat which Mrs. Ford drives up and down the river. All the windows give a view of the River Rouge, which has been compared to the James in Virginia.

Within a short distance of the residence is the gray stone garage in which are Mr. Ford's laboratory and experiment rooms, and where he perfected the tractor on which he worked harder than on any other of his inventions. In reality this garage building is a modern power

plant with exceptionally heavy walls to shut in all noise. Here the inventor often labors until late in the night, just as he did in the red brick barn in Bagley street, Detroit, where he made his first car.

* * * *

About ten years ago a certain clergyman in Detroit, who was ambitious to build a costly church, went to Mr. Ford for a contribution, hoping to get a large sum.

"No," replied the millionaire, "I don't believe in expensive churches."

"Then," said the clergyman, "will you come to my next service and let me preach a sermon especially for you? I hope to convince you that you are wrong."

The following Sunday the minister cast a searching eye over his

Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison and John Burroughs.

congregation; then he announced his text. It was from I Chronicles, 17 chapter and first verse: "And it came to pass, when David dwelt in his house that David said to Nathan, the prophet: 'Lo, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of the covenant of the Lord dwelleth under curtains.'" The minister raised his eyes from his Bible and explained: "The word curtains used here means tents." He followed the text by reading verses one, two, four, five and nine with especial emphasis on the fourth, fifth and ninth. Then he turned the pages to II Samuel, 7 chapter, and read:

"And Nathan said to the King, 'Go, do all that is in thine heart; for the Lord is with thee.'

"And it came to pass the

same night, that the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying:

"'Go and tell my servant David, "Thus saith the Lord, Shalt thou build me an house for me to dwell in.

"'I have been with thee withersoever thou wentest and have cut off thine enemies from before thee and I will make thee a great name, like unto the name of the great ones that are on the earth.'"

The clergyman launched into his sermon. After he was well started he fixed his eye on Henry Ford and said: "The church is the dynamo of the Lord's business. It is right and proper that churches should be beautiful and should be as lovely as it is possible to make them.

Why should we live in fine houses, houses of cedar, and worship the Lord in tents? There is a rich man in this city, a very rich man, who considers that his engine is the dynamo of his factory. It has always been the custom to place such engines near the rear, in an ugly section of a factory, facing an alley. This rich man had put his engine in the front part of his factory, it is in a beautiful room with pure white tiling. He keeps men constantly polishing and cleaning it; he has surrounded it with handsome plate glass windows. The engine faces the most expensive thoroughfare in our city. Sightseers stop to admire its immaculate beauty. The very rich man loves this engine; he surrounds it with the best that money can buy. He considers it the dynamo of his business. This

is true with churches. They are the dynamo of the Lord's business. They should have in and around them everything that is lovely and beautiful. No expense should be spared in the construction of a church nor in its location."

The minister went on and on with his argument. The following week he went to see his richest parishioner. No mention was made of the sermon until he was leaving.

"I haven't changed my mind," said Mr. Ford then. "I feel just as I did. I don't believe in expensive churches. But I do think that a minister should be paid a salary that will enable him to live in comfort and lay by something, so that he can buy a home or a farm or a little place in the country where he can round out his last days. I'm going to disappoint you;

I'm not going to give you anything for your new church." He handed the minister an envelope. "Please give that to your wife when you get home, just a little token of my regard for you both."

When the rector returned home he told his wife about the disappointing visit and handed her the envelope. In it were twenty one-hundred dollar bills.

The rector later built his big church. He succeeded in his ambitions. He was taken abroad, and sent to various parts of the country by the millionaire; eventually he received a large salary.

Eventually the minister and his wife drove into the country; they found and bought a little fruit place, with a tiny house on it, something to tie to in case of old age or misfortune.

It is characteristic of Henry Ford that he took no offense to the frankness of the sermon, but it did not change his mind.

* * * *

In order to keep his factory running full blast through December, 1920, Mr. Ford took a loss of fifteen millions. Against the advice of business associates he kept production going until after Christmas Day. When New York reporters telephoned his office he refused to give his reasons for the shut down, his idea being that a statement regarding his retrenchments and the re-organization of his business might depress the market. Immediately there arose wild rumors that he was in financial difficulties. Happily, these were untrue. His aversion for borrowing has placed

his gigantic undertakings on a safe financial footing. Detroit is not New York; Griswold is not Wall Street, but a prominent Detroit banker has said: "If Henry Ford should need large sums of money, Detroit will secure it for him."

However, it was the serious illness of his only son, who went through an appendicitis operation, which caused Mr. Ford grave concern during the winter of 1920-21, and not financial difficulties.

A joy he is getting from his money is refurnishing his mother's old home, which he bought from his brother, John. As stated before, the town line when finally surveyed ran through this house. The county commissioners ordered the house moved so that a road called "Townline" could be built. Accordingly, the dwelling was thrust

back to make way for progress, and the forest trees in the yard were hewn down because they interfered with the grading. Mr. Ford is having similar trees placed around the old home. He has gone into the attics and barns of his brothers' houses and has found discarded furniture which he associates with his mother's memory and he has said to the rest of the family: "Before many years roll by we will begin to grow old. We will fix the home place like mother and father had it. We were so happy when we were children there together."

More than his vast wealth, Mr. Ford's real riches consist of a wife, whose constant thought is his health and well being; a loving son and two small grandsons, who are his pride and joy.

CHAPTER X.

His Wife and His Home

No one could hope to write an adequate review of the development of Henry Ford's life and character without including some account of the wife who has meant so much to him in so many ways from the day he devised the watch with four hands, through all his struggles, disappointments and successes, down to the present time. During all these years the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Ford has been ideal.

One must know Mrs. Ford intimately to understand fully her part in the Ford achievements. She is thoroughly home-loving, capable and charming. So considerate is she,

so unpretentious and gracious, that visitors to the Ford home forget that their hostess is one of the richest women in the world, owning in her own right a one-third interest in the corporation that is reported to pay an annual tax of eighty millions.

Mrs. Ford dresses in shades of brown or blue, and mink and sable are her favorite furs. She is small of figure, youthful in appearance, with chestnut hair and most expressive eyes. Her voice is low and musical. We sat one winter afternoon in the sun parlor of her home watching the birds about the weather-worn stump on which each winter day she places fresh grain for her feathered friends. Beyond, the River Rouge wound in and out among tall forest trees, snow covered the ground and the frozen

water was a sheet of gray ice. Behind us in the drawing room, which is paneled in French-bleached American walnut and furnished with cozy chairs and heavy velvet draperies of mulberry color, long hickory logs were crackling cheerfully in the carved white marble fireplace. The conversation drifted to the part that woman must take in present day affairs.

"There are so many demands for help that it would be unfair to take them lightly or to consider them in a haphazard, happy-go-lucky fashion," she said softly. "If they are handled carefully and systematically women can uplift, not pauperize, those they seek to help. Every village, town, city and state has its problems to solve. It seems to me that every home-loving woman should use her personal in-

fluence to cope with all the issues that directly and indirectly touch her home. If she does this," she added with a smile, "she will be compelled to take an active interest in politics. She may have to get out her school books and brush up on community civics and the science of government; for woe be unto her if she fails to understand exactly what she is undertaking. Of course," she added whimsically, "it would be easier and pleasanter to sit at home by the fire and knit, or chat idly over our teacups; but those pastimes are slipping from us."

Mrs. Ford seldom has an idle moment. Large wealth has brought her pleasures and privileges; it has also brought heavy responsibilities. Each day she receives volumes of mail. Her desk overflows with ap-

peals for help; to answer them personally would be an endless task. Her name and assistance are sought by local, state, national and international welfare workers. Personally she visits the detention homes; she lunches at the House of Correction; she consults with the women's police board officials. Each case she seeks to help is first investigated by experts through authorized channels. Some of us know of thousands of families she helped while the factories were closed; many of those she visited; to others she sent her agents. She works constantly for the Girls' Protective League and other active organizations. For many years she has been treasurer of the Priscilla Inn, a home in Detroit, where girls can lead carefully chaperoned lives and enjoy comforts not easily obtained

in an overcrowded manufacturing city like Detroit.

Three miles beyond the Fords' Dearborn estate, and half-way between Detroit and the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, is a square, red brick home, "Valley Farm." Passers-by, in automobiles or on speeding interurbans, gaze at it with frank curiosity. It is understood that Mrs. Ford is deeply interested in social and welfare problems and that this Valley Farm belongs to her. If the inventions and vast wealth of Henry Ford have made him a world figure, they have made the activities of his wife of interest wherever their name is known. The general public knows little of the work accomplished at Valley Farm; except that it is some sort of rescue work. The old house is bravely facing new conditions.

It is doing ultra-modern work; developed scientifically, by professionally trained workers, for the benefit of posterity. This is possibly the strongest link in the chain of work of the Dunbar Memorial Woman's Hospital, and the most far-reaching of all the great and good achievements of Detroit women. The farm, thirteen miles out in the country, has proved a boon to the hospital in Detroit, which is located on the busy, noisy corner of Frederick and St. Antoine.

Through Mrs. Ford's courage and thoughtfulness in sponsoring this work, its results will be felt to many generations. It has meant the salvation of thousands, whose successful reclamation has blazed the trail for welfare workers.

What has actually been accom-

plished is of more importance than any general theorizing. Mrs. Ford has been affectionately called "the erring girl's friend." She says, "Men are willing to help boys and men; it behooves women to help womankind. This is not as easy to do as it sounds. Weakness and impulsiveness have brought trouble and distress to many girls and to their families. It is wonderful what has been done for them by those in charge at Valley Farm. They do it beautifully and sympathetically. They reach the girls when they are friendless, depressed and often bitterly antagonistic to the world. The quiet activities include two months' training in hygiene, household arts and parental duties. The kindly, far-sighted board of trustees and the tireless, unselfish trained nurses assist each

Mrs. Ford — From a late photograph presented to the author.

one to secure work and to establish a clean, wholesome home."

* * * *

Mrs. Ford has opened the door of opportunity for many ambitious people, and has put success within the grasp of others. She is constantly lending a helping hand to those who need it most. Each day she is confronted with a round of duties, for she is the energetic, capable type of American womanhood which is playing a tremendous part in world affairs today. Her creed is that "Money should be used to make the world better, not to create envy and breed selfishness."

Being a musician, Mrs. Ford has a concert piano in her family living-room; a pipe organ in the walls of her drawing-room; in her library, which is lined from floor to ceiling

with much-read books, is a Victrola; in her sun-parlor an Edison. "Music is refreshing," she says.

She organized the Dearborn Garden Club, of which she has long been president, and through her influence the members combine welfare work with nature study. This club holds two annual flower shows. Blue Ridge Mountain rhododendron, which in June is laden with gorgeous pink blossoms, flanks the Ford doorway and the lovely graystone mansion is very comfortable, very homelike.

Seven thousand acres are in the estate. The land stretches back to the city limits and in the opposite direction toward the tractor plant at River Rouge. The first home built by Mr. Ford still stands in the grounds. It is an attractive, white frame farm house, with a

wide veranda and green roof, and is furnished as it was during their early housekeeping days. Near it is a rustic bungalow, where guests are sometimes entertained.

In spring and summer a rush of lilac and heliotrope fragrance surges through the open windows of Mrs. Ford's rooms. These purple flowers are banked around the gray-stone walls, border the flagstone walk and cluster under the big trees. The heliotrope trees she propagated are from slips which the mistress of the house raised with infinite care. In autumn they are taken into the conservatory; the following spring they are re-set outdoors. This cycle, followed year by year, has produced specimens five feet in height, with trunks four inches in circumference. Some of her other flowers are blue larkspur, yellow

gaillardias, bronze salpiglossis, blue seabosa, sweet peas, asters, shirley poppies, marigold, blue verbena and gourds which she raises to please her grandchildren. The rose garden is the only bit of formal landscape. She said one day while talking about her flowers: "I cannot buy everything I crave. Like my mother I love old-fashioned pinks. I haunted florists' shops, old homes and cemeteries in search of these tiny, red-flecked, spicily scented plants. It was my dressmaker's sister who, generously, sent the basket of roots to form the nucleus of my large beds."

Two miles from the estate can be seen the twinkling lights of the little village of Dearborn. To it she has given a library site, and has built and given to the Episcopal church a large brick rectory; she is

a member of the social service committee of her church. Greenfield, where she was born and reared, is five miles from Dearborn. In the summer Mrs. Ford takes a family party for a cruise on their yacht. She has traveled the world over, but, with the exception of a small place at Fort Myers, Florida, which Thomas Edison persuaded them to purchase next to his winter cottage, the Fords have never owned a home outside of Detroit or Wayne County. "We have lived here always," she says, "and here we love to stay."

Persistent sightseers have made it necessary to keep the gates of the estate locked and guarded. All the servants, both in and outside the mansion, have held their positions many years. They have an air of courteous consideration and soft-

ness of voice which they seemed to have caught from the owners of the home.

The country and the wide outdoors hold for Mrs. Ford more attractions than the social life of any city, yet in her home she has entertained inventors, statesmen, capitalists and titled visitors. John Burroughs was a frequent guest. He enjoyed the birds, flowers and native trees which are under the care of Longfeather, a southern Indian. In the library is an autographed set of Burroughs' books; in a secluded part of the grounds is a rough bronze statue of him, and on the drawing-room table an exquisite miniature of the great naturalist. John Burroughs once sent to Mr. and Mrs. Ford a carload of red sandstone from the Catskill mountains of his beloved

native state, New York. These stones were worked into a sort of shelter for the bronze figure and for the bird pool near it. This spot the Fords called their "Burroughs Nook." Many rare birds, including Kirkland's Warbler and other unusual members of the feathered family, tarry at this quiet retreat, and here Burroughs, himself, discovered several northern birds, including the Bohemian waxwing, which he had long hoped to see, but had never been able to find elsewhere.

Since his death Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Edison have been made members of the executive board of the Burroughs Memorial association. They attended his funeral and went to New York two weeks later to formulate plans for preserving Woodchuck Lodge, Slab Sides

(where Burroughs had his study and where he used to write his books) and Riverby, which was a more pretentious home near Poughkeepsie, just outside of the small town of West Park, New York. Mrs. Edison and Mrs. Ford are to be the only two women on this executive memorial board.

At the beginning of the European war Mrs. Ford leased Oughtrington Hall, in Chestshire Township, England, a short distance from Warwick, where her mother was born. She equipped it as a home for Belgian refugees; one hundred at a time were clothed, fed and sheltered there. As they found friends, relatives or work elsewhere others were secured from the London clearing house. Teachers were employed for the children; a school room was furnished; outdoor tennis

courts were covered and heated for a supervised playground. Tailoring and other trades were taught the refugees. Among them was a Catholic priest, and a chapel was equipped in which he said mass and held other services. Wonderful results were accomplished, as is attested by letters and documents from the Lord Mayor and others. After the armistice the furniture and equipment were sold and the proceeds placed with the Manchester Belgian Relief Fund to be used by that organization. When Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, visited this country, Mrs. Ford was one of the few women on whom she bestowed her medal which is inscribed: "*Pro patria Honore et Cartate.*"

Mrs. Ford's most intimate friends are those she knew in girlhood or

before the advent of automobiles. Her poise and culture, her innate goodness, make her immensely popular. Her judgment and clear intellect have been of untold value to her gifted husband. Their ideal home life is a happy demonstration that love does not dwell only in a cottage. The following incidents somewhat indicate her tastes.

Shortly before the holidays in 1920, while she was shopping in New York, the clerk of a Fifth Avenue shop asked her to inspect the Duke of Hamilton's silver service. It weighed seventeen hundred pounds, and was heavily crested. It had been sold to a young mid-western manufacturer to match his dining-room set, also purchased from the Duke's estate. "Would Mrs. Ford care to place an order for similar silver?"

She has a vivacious and cordial smile. "I have no ambition to collect heirlooms of royalty," she replied. "My resources are needed elsewhere."

The undaunted clerk produced a short string of pearls, each as large as a hazel nut. "Only a half million dollars," he urged suavely, as he laid them on a black velvet square to accent their creamy sheen and luster.

Mrs. Ford shook her head. "At home I have the finest jewels in the world," she remarked, as she concluded her purchases. "Nothing you have on sale can equal them."

The Fords have one son; his home is ten miles east of Detroit, in Grosse Pointe on Lake Sainte Claire, near the point where it joins the Detroit River. The Henry Ford estate is ten miles west of the

city on the Rouge, which also flows into the Detroit river. A private telephone wire connects Mr. Ford's study with his son's; a private wire connects Mrs. Ford's bedroom with the sleeping porch of her grandchildren, Henry II and Edsel junior, chubby, golden-haired, blue-eyed cherubs. Like the Athenian mother, Mrs. Ford says: "These are my jewels."

CHAPTER XI.

The Ford Factory, Foundry and Trade School

When the first Ford factory outgrew the Piquette street plant, the larger plant in Highland Park was built. This is really a great industrial city in itself. It covers one hundred and twenty acres and employs fifty-three thousand men. Each employee receives his wages twice a month; yet every day is a pay day in some section of the plant and a half million dollars is handed the men.

In the Ford organization are men doing every conceivable kind of work. The factory operates its own power, heating and lighting plant, fire department, telephone and tele-

graph exchange, freight and express offices, hospital, safety and hygiene departments, motion picture studio, park and athletic field, band and auditorium, educational and legal departments, grocery, drug and shoe stores, meat market, tailor shop, and publishes its own newspaper — the Ford News.

The Ford fire alarm system is said to be more efficient and up-to-date than any other in the country, even including the cities of New York and Chicago. Ninety experienced fire fighters are employed in the plant and two hundred trained workmen are ready to aid at an instant's notice. When a general alarm is sounded the automatic call goes instantly to the Superintendent's office, factory service office, fire department headquarters and Chief Engineer's office. The minute,

hour, day, month, year and box from which the call comes are thus recorded. Three hundred call stations are placed throughout the factory, two hundred feet apart.

The medical department is wonderful and is one of the most modern institutions of its kind in the world. This is entirely separate and distinct from the Henry Ford Hospital, built at a cost of three million dollars and rented to the government during and after the war for one dollar a year. Mr. Ford calls this his garage. "It is my shop," he says, "where I hope people can get well as rapidly as possible and have their injured parts repaired." A pretty bit of sentiment is connected with the tall elms that reach to the fifth story of this building. They were moved from his Dearborn estate and re-

planted so that the new part of the hospital, which is the same length as the National Capitol, is surrounded by old trees that once had their roots in the soil of his boyhood home. This hospital was not built to serve the very poor, for whom free clinics are provided, nor to serve the very rich, who can afford to pay large surgical fees; but is for those of us who find it difficult to make ends meet and to whom heavy hospital bills are a calamity.

The moving picture laboratory, in the Highland Park plant, is remarkable. Its educational pictures are shown in seventy per cent of our country's theaters. It may not be known that these are sent to Mexico, Brazil, Chile, Argentina, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Japan, China, Alaska and other countries. Mr. Ford desires

Mr. Ford as a farmer.

that they be used in the large and small schools, wherever they can be of service or can give pleasure. Therefore, the rental price to schools is fifty cents a day per reel. The movie staff includes many of the best-known specialists in educational lines, under whose guidance are editors, scenario writers and directors. They strive to produce films of value to teachers throughout the land, to be used for instructing their pupils.

The Ford educational department, its welfare work and Americanization school have been treated at length elsewhere. The Ford trade school is in a large wing of the plant which serves as a school building. It is incorporated under the Michigan laws and extends to a limited number the opportunity to continue their academic educa-

tion while learning a trade. It is one of the best plans for salvaging some of our destitute boys, or boys who have no one to care if they succeed or fail. Mr. Ford is not willing for them to be called destitute; he prefers to think of them as boys without friends. For several years he maintained a home for homeless boys near his estate. This required such a large amount of his time and interest that he planned the trade school. Each student receives a scholarship which amounts to four hundred dollars annually, divided into semi-monthly portions. This enables him to be self-supporting while studying. His scholarship is increased in accordance with his ability and effort until it reaches nine hundred dollars. To develop thrift one dollar is added to each pay envelope, pro-

vided the boy keeps a savings account. There are fifteen instructors employed; a board of five members directs the policy of the school, and a long waiting list is kept of boys who wish to be admitted. Mr. Searles, the head of the school, is a distinguished educator.

Mr. Ford realizes that the future of our country depends on the boys and girls of to-day. He gives to those he befriends his money, his time and thought, and to each an opportunity to achieve success. They will be the men and women of to-morrow, and it is his hope that they become good and honorable citizens.

Some idea of the gigantic size of the Ford organization may be secured from the fact that besides the Highland Park plant, the tractor plant is located at the River Rouge

foundry, where twenty-one railroad tracks enter. Here at one point a log goes in and at another point comes out a finished body. There are thirty-one assembling plants in this country and others in different parts of North and South America, Europe, Australia and the Orient. During the past year nearly one hundred thousand freight cars were needed to handle Ford shipments. Every other available method of transportation was used also, such as express companies, parcel post and motor truck.

With a total of sixty-six thousand employees in the Highland Park, River Rouge and Dearborn plants, it is a conservative estimate to say that one-fourth of the men, women and children in Detroit and its environs are directly dependent on the Ford industries for support,

and that an equal number are indirectly supported from this source.

It is said that man's efficiency has been increased 66 per cent by the automobile; families and friends have been drawn closer together; health has improved; lives have been prolonged. It has given more service and pleasure than any other invention in the last several decades. The inventor who built a car within the reach of the mass of the people has been a benefactor to his fellow man, and has helped make history.

* * * *

For sentimental reasons the hand-made bricks that were in the foundation of Ten Eyck's tavern are part of the huge fireplace in the trophy room, on the lower floor of the Ford mansion. The great iron

horse storms through Wayne County at a more rapid rate as it parallels the Michigan highway toward Chicago. The forests have been cleared. There are no more Indians about. For many years the Dearborn arsenal has not been used as an army post, but the thick, gray stockade walls still stand. One of the square, gray buildings flanked by twin chimneys is the City Hall, where William Ford acts as Mayor. The old site of Ten Eyck's tavern is interesting to people who flash by in their motors, because it is the entrance to Henry Ford's estate. The gray-stone entrance is kept locked and guarded; it is adjacent to the gatekeeper's tiny gray-stone cottage, tucked quaintly under its Indian red-tiled roof; around it, sturdy forests look down on the spot from which William Cremer

won his wager that he could beat the iron horse into Dearbornville, just two miles away.

CHAPTER XII.

His "Honest-to-Goodness Americanism"

Five years ago a rainbow of promise, with a bag of gold at each end, hung over a great industrial plant. When the rainbow appeared some called it a menace, but it grew brighter and clearer; some of the colors became obscure; three came out stronger than all the others, and behind them stars formed the two words, "Americans all." At each end of the rainbow the bags emptied an endless stream of gold, and with the gold came freedom from old industrial conditions, and with the freedom came the privileges and obligations of American citizenship.

Henry Ford made automobiles to defray the expense of his main business, which was the making of men. He took wise men and good men, successful and unsuccessful. He took Americans of good old colonial stock and laborers from every nook and corner of obscure foreign lands. He took men with the stigma of wrong-doing upon their lives. He took untried men and men who had tried and failed. Through one great system he put them all, to determine the number who would come out pure gold. He thrust aside labor organizations and paid his workers wages at that time considered fabulous. He had his own dreams and he followed them to fulfillment.

Beyond a few brief newspaper reports, the light of publicity never disclosed the inner workings of

Henry Ford's mind, yet the spirit of it permeates the country from Canada to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific where other plants have used the Ford idea on a smaller scale. The pioneer who began the movement has been assailed and held up for ridicule, yet he was the first advocate of simon-pure Americanism in industry. What would his critics have said had they known that he took the dean of a great cathedral, made him head of a vast educational system and gave him power no clergyman ever before had had in the history of business — entire authority over the living conditions of the Ford workmen and real influence in the case of labor difficulties? Labor difficulties, however, refused to arise. During strikes at nearby plants the Ford workers remained

at their posts, performing their labors in contented prosperity.

Henry Ford had evolved a system so unique and remarkable that his plans and dreams blend, making a practical whole which has actually benefited over fifty thousand homes. The foundation is education and Americanization. That the system has paid commercially is only a side issue, but one of tremendous importance — marking the ideal adjustment of capital and labor, and proving beyond doubt that the experiment is overwhelmingly correct. The assistants in this department are called advisors, and the welfare work they are doing is as helpful as it is novel. What they do and how they do it will be explained later.

Mr. Ford states his position frankly. "If I can make men of

my employees, I need have no fear for my business," he says. "Everything I do to help them ultimately benefits me; the more money I spend on them, the more enthusiasm they will have for my interests and the more money they will make for themselves and for me."

And he uses all possible labor-saving devices, for he says: "The less fatigued a man is when he leaves his work the more self-improvement can he gain during leisure hours." This is the message of Henry Ford to mankind: "Be your brother's helper." In his plant Bolshevism has not dared to rear its serpent head.

The Ford plan is not to build elaborate libraries, gymnasiums or lunch rooms for the employees, but serviceable and substantial ones. The difference in the expense is

given the working men for their homes, their living and their families. It is not the possession of money but the right use of it which is emphasized. Mr. Ford holds that the system of education which increases, through the so-called cultural studies, the capacity for happiness and fails to develop the financial power for gaining the same is a cruel, not a kindly system. It increases human misery and failure. The Ford idea, while increasing a man's capacity for happiness, at the same time increases his efficiency, his earning capacity, his home conditions, his knowledge of the laws of the state and the nation, making him a more valuable citizen, more worth-while to society, giving him a broader vision, all of which develops a man's mind while training his hands.

The factory has two slogans: "Be a Good American," and "Help the Other Fellow." You find these signs in the working section of the plant. The workmen are taught self-application of these slogans, even beneficially coerced into adapting them as life standards.

For five years foreign-born laborers have received diplomas symbolic of nine months' training in citizen-making. I sought a man to whom Mr. Ford had said: "The Bible is the most valuable book in the world. If it could be written in the language of to-day, I would scatter a million copies among the people who never read it and who fail to grasp its worth and beauty." I asked this man, Mr. Brownell, this question: "How has this great millionaire made the educational

department of this plant the very dynamo of its success, and why has he given a clergyman such wide and sweeping power?"

Mr. Brownell took off his glasses and laid them carefully on the desk. "He does it by dispensing practical Christianity, interpreted through dollars and cents; in the sharing of profits with employees; in opening the doors of employment to maimed and crippled men, and to men who have unfortunately run into debt to society, but who have paid such debts in full. His has been the humane recognition that all men are of common clay and that all, barring none, are entitled to a helping hand.

"You shall meet Dean Marquis, head of the educational department, and Mr. DeWitt, head of the English school, which should really

be called the American school, for its scholars are from fifty-eight countries and they speak one hundred different dialects. They have been taught one language and have been trained to become citizens of our own American nation. But first let me tell you an incident that will illustrate how men have been reclaimed in this factory.

"One cold night in December an official of the company was called to the front door of his house. Outside was the half-wreck of a man, who plunged into complaint without formality. 'They say Henry Ford gives the fellow who is down a chance — that he thinks there is some good in the worst of us, but it is a lie — a black, barefaced lie. I have stood in line at his plant trying to get work and never have been given a look-in. I'm at the

end of my rope and I've got to go back to my old ways.'

"The company official interrupted him. 'Mr. Ford wants to give every man who deserves it a chance,' he said. The other man shivered. 'Ever since they turned me loose, two years ago, I've tried to go straight, and every time I get a job a dick passes the word and I'm fired. If I can't get steady work I'll have to be a crook again. To-night they — "

"'Dont worry about to-night,' the company official told him; 'come to the factory to-morrow and a place will be found for you. We have more than five hundred men who have served penitentiary sentences and only two of them have disappointed us. When you begin work no one will be against you so long as you do what is right.'"

Somewhere in that great factory that man made good and he is still working there.

The probation period, formerly six months, has been reduced to thirty days, the minimum salary raised from five to six dollars a day. There have been no strikes nor is there any labor discontent. The power of discharge has been taken out of the hands of superintendents and foremen. They can discharge from their departments, but not from the factory. The employment office investigates and places the laborer in that other department to which he is better adapted.

The Educational Department, through the advisors, or helpers, has a record of the living conditions of each employe. They know his habits, good or bad. They know

what money he has saved, if any. They know what insurance he carries. They consult with him as to his bank savings. They have taught him how and why to save. In rare cases they have moved his family to Detroit and provided a home in which to shelter them. There is nothing of the spy or detective methods in their visits. They go in the spirit of helpfulness and interest. They teach the employe hygienic living and how to buy food. While teaching him how to earn money they also teach him — which is more important — how to spend it. They have taught him that debt is the result of poor management or misfortune.

Take for example the case of an employee whose wages were garnisheed month after month. He was industrious and hard-working;

the bills were not of his making. An advisor was sent to his home. He met the wife, a nice little woman who believed in a happy-go-lucky existence, and who made expenditures out of all keeping with her husband's salary. That she was a woman of sense was proven when she grasped the idea that this sort of thing could not continue. A scientific housekeeper was sent to instruct her in up-to-date economics. She welcomed the suggestions made. To-day the bills are paid, the man and his wife own their home and have money in the bank.

There is another rule on which the cornerstone of right living must be laid — an employe, if it be thought justifiable, is required to produce his marriage license. No recognition is given socialism or

free love. This is mentioned because a case of this sort was recently made an issue. An important ruling of the Ford company in 1913 covers such questions.

The legal department aids the workers by examining deeds to property they wish to buy, assessing its value and passing on the validity of the contracts.

In the Ford English school are natives of Arabia, Persia, India, Poland, Armenia, Turkey, Chaldea, Albania, Serbia, Korea, Macedonia and other innermost parts of Asia, Europe and obscure regions of the world. Each of these foreigners speaks two or more dialects, but has no knowledge of our own language. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar according to the modernized methods of Francois Guoin, who lived in 1710. The

everyday problems of life are the keynote of each lesson, and a new psychology of good fellowship and interest accents the instruction. Mr. DeWitt was recently borrowed by Pennsylvania to demonstrate to the teachers of that state his original experiments. Mr. Ford watches the lessons. The one on birds, which emphasizes the great American bird, the soaring eagle, the emblem of freedom, is his favorite. There are other lessons which Mr. Ford personally supervises — for this department is the child of his brain and is dear to his heart. The foreigners are taught cleanliness, table manners, courtesy in public places and also, when possible, they are instructed in gardening. As an evidence of the eager earnestness of the pupils the case may be cited of a Macedonian who learned the

Constitution of the United States verbatim in four days.

The nine months' course has been turning out annually between three and six thousand graduates. The diplomas, signed by Henry Ford, Dean Marquis and Mr. DeWitt, state that "the holder has been given ground work in English which enables him to write it and to read it within certain limitations. It gives him a definite comprehension of the rudiments of government, national, state and municipal, and fits him to become a citizen of the United States and to understand the obligations thereof."

The day war was declared Mr. Ford instructed the chief of his medical staff to ascertain accurately the exact number of positions that might be filled with disabled sol-

diers. Every wheel and cog of the factory was devoted to winning the war, and openings have been made for those who served. Dr. Mead reported that four thousand maimed and injured could be used. The factory was then using thirty-seven deaf men, two hundred and seven civilians blinded in one eye, sixteen who were deaf and dumb, and one totally blind. Before peace was signed the Ford factory had employed seven hundred and eighty-three disabled soldiers. Positions have been given to five thousand four hundred and eighty returned soldiers and sailors, and more are constantly being added. Direct instructions have been issued that soldiers are to be given preference over all other applicants.

A great problem in every factory

is tuberculosis. It has been demonstrated in the salvaging section that tubercular patients are as productive as any other class of workmen. Hospital treatment is given free. The state law of compensation allows ten dollars weekly to a bedridden man; the Ford company gives eighteen to twenty dollars. Mr. Ford believes that regular wages and light work will drive away worry and expedite a man's recovery. Hence handiwork is taken each day to patients able to sit up, and they are enabled to earn full wages.

Just as he conceived the perfection of his tractor while on a vacation by watching the movement of a horse's legs, so Mr. Ford's mind reaches out to help humanity. Indifferent to the usual hobbies and amusements of men of the world,

he has his own interests and recreations. He believes in practicing the gospel, "Give a man the chance he deserves, not charity." The following incident is so unusual as to seem improbable, yet it is true. As Mr. Ford was driving one day he passed a much be-draggled tramp to whom he gave a lift. The tramp claimed to be penniless and without work, and for that reason was walking to his sister's home in Connecticut. The next day he was given a position in the Ford plant. The employment office was instructed to equip him with the necessary clothes and report his progress to the office. All moved smoothly for a while, but, unlike the usual fairy tale, the end of the month found a restless worker instead of a diligent one. He was moved to another depart-

ment, but when pay day came his restlessness had grown to loud protests, and to Mr. Ford was brought the news that wanderlust was beckoning his protege, who had threatened to quit.

"What's this I hear?" asked Mr. Ford when the prodigal came to his office. Into his ear was poured, forthwith, a story of homesick yearning for the far-away sister that would have done credit to an expert. Mr. Ford listened patiently. "See here, Bill," he said then, "you have no idea of going to Connecticut. You don't want work or a home; you want to quit so that you can be a plain shiftless tramp."

The ex-hobo studied the carpet. "Yes, that was it," he admitted. "A factory is no place for me; I'm lazy. I've lived the old life so long that I like it."

"All right," said Mr. Ford, "you can quit. I've told them not to bother with you any longer. But remember one thing, I am not going to let you slip back into your old ways. I'm going to employ a man to follow you everywhere you go and watch everything you do. If you ever feel sorry for the way you have treated me you can come back to your old place, provided you are willing to work. Until you do I am going to watch you every minute. Perhaps you will decide to brace up and be a man."

"Gosh," said the surprised man. "If you are going to do that I might as well give in right now." This ex-tramp is now a faithful worker. Again the theory succeeded.

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The next five years will witness

the most important readjustment period in our national history. It will be a time when capital and labor must throw off their shackles and meet on a middle ground of consideration, each recognizing the rights of the other. Organized labor will have to make great concessions. Capital will have to make even greater concessions. Neither group can strangle the other if the principles for which our boys fought and died are to survive. Is it right that the soldiers who fought to save this country be assailed by food profiteers, by rent pirateers, by selfish capitalists and dictated to by labor organizations? What is to be the ideal solution? Will practical education be incorporated into the new order of industry? Is real Americanism to be the foundation stone of the nation, or will the

country wait until the evil conditions of today become a menace?

Are Henry Ford's theories and their practical workings during the last five years worth while? Many industries and department stores are putting the interests of their workers above the volume of their profits. They are doing their utmost to benefit their workers, to pay them fair wages and to maintain helpful welfare departments, somewhat similar to the Ford Educational department. There are still some concerns where women and girls are paid wages that are disgraceful and utterly destructive to the morale of the country. Is it right or even necessary? Or is it better to give labor a square deal and to do it on the basis of honest-to-goodness Americanism?

THE END